

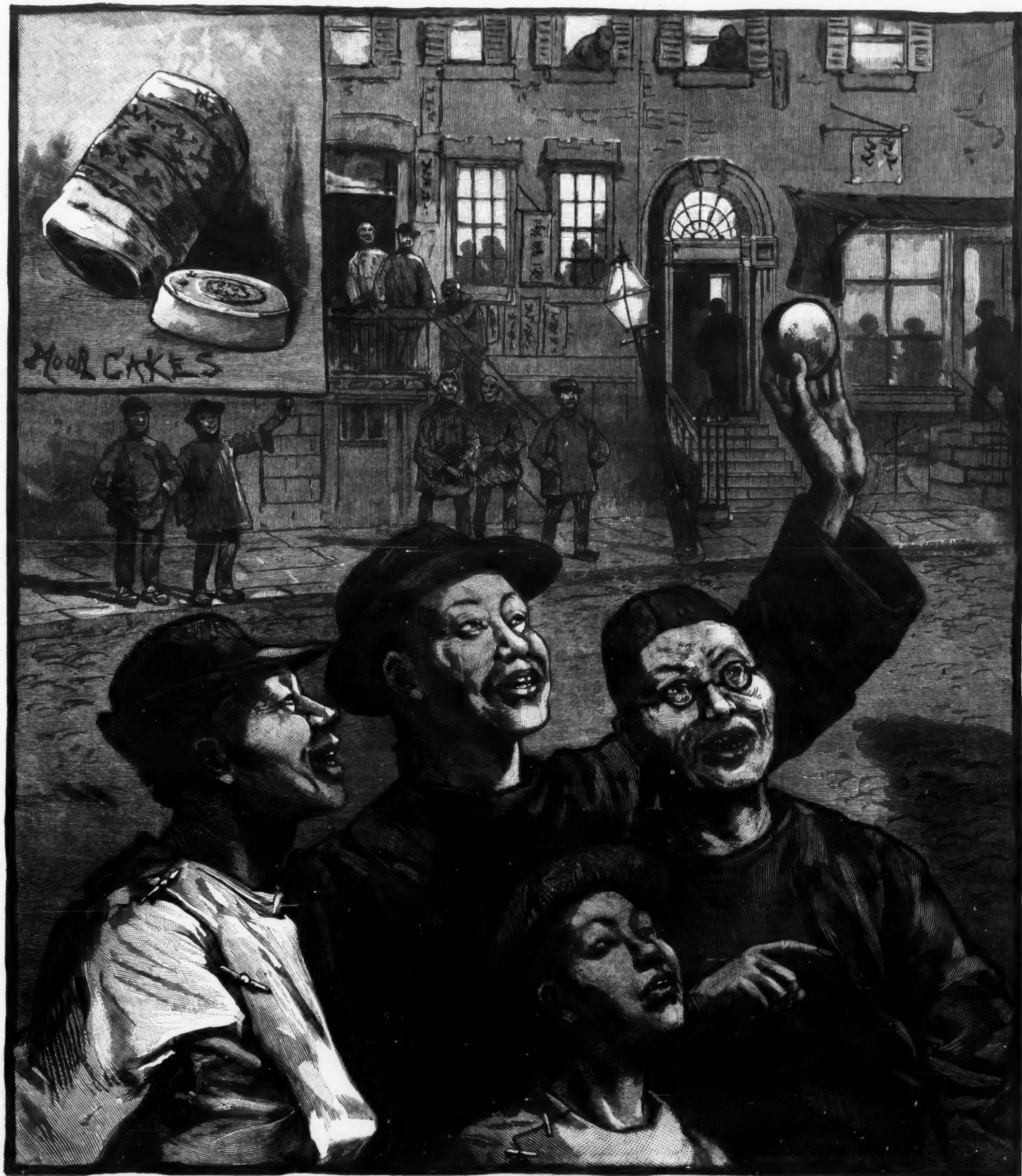
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—CELEBRATING THE CHINESE MOON FESTIVAL IN MOTT STREET—WAITING FOR
A GLIMPSE OF THE MOON.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

CYCLES OF TRADE.

A QUESTION now agitating many inquiring minds is "Do panics occur periodically, and can future prices be forecast?" For many years thoughtful business men have noticed that there was a sort of periodicity in commercial revulsions, but this has generally been considered more fanciful than real, and, when real, has been attributed to what we call "coincidence," rather than to explainable causes.

During this decade, however, two remarkable books have appeared which, if they do not actually succeed in their aim to produce a revolution in the methods of reckoning in Wall Street and Lombard Street and the Chicago hog market, have certainly succeeded in exciting a great deal of interest in all those centres of activity. In 1875 the strange little book called "Benner's Prophecies" was printed—the work of an illiterate but intelligent farmer of Indiana. On its first page it launched these bold predictions:

"I predict that the average price of No. 1 foundry charcoal pig-iron in the markets of our country will be lower in 1876 than in 1875; lower in 1877 than in 1876, running down to \$20 a ton; higher in 1878 than in 1877; higher in 1879 than in 1878; higher in 1880 than in 1879, and higher in 1881 than in 1880, running up to \$50 a ton. I predict that the average price of fat hogs in the markets of our country will be lower in 1876 than in 1875; lower in 1877 than in 1876; higher in 1878 than in 1877; higher in 1879 than in 1880, notwithstanding the resumption of specie payments; and higher in 1880 than in 1879. The years 1882, '83, '84, '85, '86, '87 and '88 will be years of decline in the price of pig-iron, and years of depression in this business."

All men who are in business know how closely these audacious predictions have been realized, even to the curious upward turn of affairs in 1878.

Benner is now out in a fifth edition of his book, with new predictions of the future. Here are some of them:

"1884—Presidential year, dull trade; iron drooping; lower prices. 1885—A little improvement; railroad stocks higher. 1886—Renewed depression; free-trade agitation in Congress; stocks lower. 1887—The same. 1888—Presidential year, hard times; business prostrated; banks failing; stocks at lowest point; upward turn of affairs this year. 1889—Now for a boom! 1890—Great activity and prosperity. 1891—Speculation and a panic. 1892, 1893, 1894; 1895, 1896, 1897—Dull years and poor trade. 1898 and 1899—Good trade; active business; century winds up in height of speculative era."

At first reading this all sounds preposterous. But the fact remains that Benner *did* foretell the financial condition of the last eight years. That might have been a lucky guess, and it must be so considered unless there is a scientific cause back of it. This Benner claims. He affirms that his prophecies are based on analogy—that severe financial panics have come just so often in the history of the country, and have been succeeded, at regular intervals, by seasons of hopefulness, high trade and general prosperity. These trade cycles fall about once in eleven years, corresponding to the time of Jupiter's revolution in his orbit, and the reappearance of the spots on the sun. The reasoning is thus: Prosperity depends on crops; crops depend on the heat of the sun; the regularity of this supply is interrupted by the sun-spots.

The other book to which we allude—Jevons's "Investigations"—traces far into the past the evidence of periodical panics. Jevons fixes the cycles at 10.45 years, and presents evidence to "show that trade reached a maximum of activity in or about the years 1701, 1711, 1721, 1732, 1742, 1753, 1763, 1772, 1783, 1793, 1805, 1815, 1825, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866." The collapse which took place in 1873 would seem inconsistent with this theory, but, as a matter of fact, the number of bankruptcies then was small in America, reaching its maximum in 1876-77. On the whole the historic proof of the periodic recurrence of crisis seems too strong for doubt; it only remains to ascertain the causes and reduce them to a science. And the test of science is that it is always able to predict.

POLITICAL LYING.

THAT this sort of lying is too prevalent at all times, and especially in our quadrennial Presidential campaigns, is a fact too patent to require proof. Everybody knows it, and nearly everybody will admit that it is incomparably mean and despicable; and yet how many practice it, while a greater number wink at it as a mere peccadillo that calls for no special reprobation or notice. By many it seems to be taken for granted that politicians and political parties *must* lie if they would hope to succeed, and therefore that lying on their part, if not justifiable, is at least excusable. Such lying is not confined to any party, nor are the parties that make the loudest professions of reform exempt from the hateful practice.

Political lying, like lying of other sorts, has numerous phases. There is the lie direct and palpable, which may be called the downright "whopper," made out of whole cloth; then there is the lie by innuendo, the *suggestio falsi*, and others that need not be specified. Your unscrupulous politician is familiar with the whole gamut of mendacity, and can without a blush strike any note that he pleases.

We shall not try to catalogue the political lies now afloat. It is a task beyond our powers. They are hurt-

ling on every side, like bullets in the hour of battle, and many of them make ugly wounds. We will mention three simply as "specimen bricks" from the huge edifices of falsehood that loom up on every side. In some Republican journals we see it stated as if it were a proved fact that Governor Cleveland, in order to raise money for the Ohio campaign, has pledged himself, if elected, to appoint a certain rich man Secretary of the Treasury. There is nothing but suspicion and reckless guess-work to sustain such a hurtful allegation, and the chances are more than a hundred to one that it is false. On the other hand, Democratic papers have been giving currency of late to a letter alleged to have been written by Neal Dow, and bearing his signature, in which it was stated that Mr. Blaine is a zealous Prohibitionist, and that he forbore to vote upon the question at the recent election in Maine only because, as he himself said, he did not want to offend the "bigoted Germans" of Ohio. Mr. Dow promptly pronounced the letter a forgery; whereupon its authors and abettors set up the plea, "Oh, well if Blaine didn't say so, it is exactly what he *thought*, and so no harm has been done." The third lie on our list is one told by a picture, and more base if anything than it would have been if told in words. The picture to which we allude exhibits Mr. Blaine in juxtaposition with William M. Tweed, as if the two men were of precisely the same character. In other words, Mr. Blaine, who is not even accused of stealing a penny from the public, is held up by a lying caricaturist as on the same moral level with the man who organized a gigantic scheme of plunder by which millions of dollars were stolen from the treasury of New York and distributed between him and his "co-partners" in knavery! Even the honest opponents of the Republican candidate must join with his friends in branding such a picture as infamous.

FOREIGN COLONIAL ENTERPRISES.

IN Germany and France two important social movements are at work—a thirst for colonial territory and a spread of socialistic doctrines. Is the coincidence accidental, or is the one the cause of the other? Let us inquire. The concurrence in two countries, differing so essentially in all racial characteristics, is in itself an indication. More than twenty years ago M. Ernest Renan contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an article, the prophecies of which have been strangely verified. In comparing the progress of England and France towards freedom, he pointed out that the English colonies had constituted, as it were, a safety-valve for the exuberant energy of the people. "America," he says, "was the waste-weir of the Republican party. Without it this party would have remained as a virus in the mother country and prevented the establishment of constitutional government." In all old countries there exists a certain class of persons who find the battle of life one of increasing difficulty. To such, the colonies afford both a sphere and a safety-valve. Energies which, if pent up at home, will become dangerous to society, find in a new colony opportunities for the exercise of vim and courage in which the impediment is not the government, but the obstacles of nature. Far away from the central authority and exposed to the dangers of border life, the emigrant learns for the first time the real value of civil government.

Comparing the colonial enterprise of England with that of France, M. Renan says, "Unhappily our civil discords only led to transportations. Instead of a United States we have had a Sinamari and a Lambessa." The outburst of socialism both in Germany and France has taught the rulers of both countries that the energies of human nature, like any physical force, if pent up without a safety valve will surely involve social dangers. It is the recognition of this fact which has led Bismarck to annex sections of the western coast of Africa, while France stretches out her hands towards Madagascar and Tonquin. And the argument gathers force as we include other countries. Russia is honeycombed with Nihilism; Austria and Hungary are busy expelling Anarchists; France transports her Communists, the *récidivists* to penal colonies; Belgium is threatened with civil war; Spain dreads another rising. With the exception of Italy, a comparatively new country, England and Holland only remain undisturbed by threatened social disruption. And they are the two countries that have been successful in founding colonies.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

"WHAT the South needs is to raise less hell and more hog and hominy," said Representative Horr, of Michigan, one of the alleged "Congressional humorists," in a "bloody shirt" speech in the House some four years ago. The remark savored much too strongly of exaggeration and profanity, but there was a certain rude philosophy underlying its would-be smartness. Translated into proper language and uttered in a friendly spirit, the remark from a well-wisher of that section would have been, "What the South needs is to give less attention to politics and more to industry."

There are multiplying signs that the South is fast learning this lesson. There has been no Presidential canvass since the war—and there certainly was none before the Rebellion—in which the States below Mason and Dixon's line have manifested so little excitement, and so evident a conviction that the country is safe whether one

candidate or the other is elected, as in the pending contest. The languor of the Presidential canvass in Louisiana, while there is a growing concentration of interest upon the approaching cotton exhibition in New Orleans, is only the type of a wide-spread feeling.

The South is just coming to realize that the abolition of slavery was the greatest blessing which could have been conferred upon it, and to comprehend the wonderful industrial development which freedom has made possible. The progress it has been making since the census year of 1880, which seems to have been the beginning of an era of new growth for that section, has been as gratifying as it is remarkable. That enterprising journal, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, makes an annual review of the industrial, financial and educational condition of the Southern States each September. Its latest compilation presents a long array of interesting facts, the most important of which may be thus summarized: The assessed valuation of the twelve States from the Potomac and the Ohio to the Rio Grande is now \$2,987,834,861, an increase in wealth of no less than \$205,718,978 during the year; the average rate of taxation has fallen from four and a half to four mills; the expenditure for educational purposes has, nevertheless, doubled in the past five years, \$9,609,308 being now appropriated for public schools, which accommodate 2,946,972 pupils; the building of railroads has gone on even more rapidly than in some other sections, the mileage having risen from 25,102 to 28,157; and the construction of manufacturing establishments of various sorts has greatly swollen the amount of capital invested in such enterprises.

One of the worst results of slavery was the aggregation of vast estates, to the destruction of small farms. The small landholder is the bulwark of society, and the increase of this class is therefore always a hopeful sign. That there has already been a very remarkable movement in this direction is confessed by all observers. Indeed, the *Charleston News and Courier* says that in no direction has there been a more striking change in industrial life than in the division of the old-time plantations into numerous small holdings. In South Carolina there are five small farmers now where there was one twenty years ago, and all through the South the *Charleston* paper finds the same tendency to cut up the cotton plantations into farms of 100 to 200 acres.

Good citizens everywhere must rejoice at such developments as these. Now that the ancient hostility between the sections has disappeared, each is equally interested in the other's well-being, and the South's prosperity will nowhere be more heartily welcomed than in the North.

SECRETARY LINCOLN AND THE COLOR LINE.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, Secretary of War, has on several occasions proven himself to be his father's son, in acts quiet, effective, and gratifying to the intelligence of his unprejudiced fellow-citizens. The latest example was the manner in which he was obliged to "sit down on" General Hazen, of the Signal Service. General Hazen objected to the enlistment of a colored man into his corps, and appealed to Secretary Lincoln to sustain him. The reverse of this was what the Secretary did, but it was only after an extended correspondence, in which red tape and routine courtesy intervened between the Secretary's superior authority and General Hazen's obstinacy, that the enlistment was ordered of a colored applicant, named W. Hallett Greene, a graduate of the College of the City of New York. In the opposition which General Hazen displayed to the expressed desire and well-known determination of the head of the War Department, he has only added another to the many reasons which previously led the public to believe him conspicuously unfitted for the position he holds.

The day has gone by for the drawing of the color line in the way General Hazen insisted—almost in contempt of his chief—on drawing it; that day was practically past when Abraham Lincoln put his name to the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation. And all who stand in the way of the idea which that historic act embodied will go down, as they deserve to do, no matter how strongly they may be entrenched in official station.

THE STORY OF KHARTOUM.

EIGHT months have elapsed since General Gordon started upon his swift and almost solitary ride across the Desert to beleaguered Khartoum. Arriving there about the middle of February, he took command of the garrisons and the city, and made a public bonfire of the whips of the Egyptian rulers and the books which recorded the indebtedness of the oppressed inhabitants to their tax-masters, liberated the prisoners and abolished the jail. A new régime began as bold as it was beneficent. The world admired, criticised, wondered and watched the dispatches to see what the outcome would be. For awhile there were vague reports of a siege and of fighting; then communication ceased entirely, and nobody knew what was really going on in the heart of the Soudan, or even whether Gordon was alive or dead. At last, in the fragments of the diary of the London *Times* Khartoum correspondent, which lately has reached civilization and the public prints, we have something like a detailed account of what has been going on in the besieged town

on the Nile during the past Summer. There has been, evidently, enough excitement and activity to prevent the days dragging heavily. As early as March 16th, a battle was fought in which the defenders lost 350 killed and wounded. It is quite characteristic of Gordon's vigorous methods, that as a sequel to this engagement two Egyptian officers were executed for treachery. About the middle of April the Arabs made a very determined attack upon the town, and had to be blown up with mines. An entry, dated April 28th, reports Gordon as busy laying mines in all directions, and paying the soldiers with paper money. Food was already very dear. Up to the end of May the rebels made frequent attacks on the town. During June steamers went out daily from Khartoum on foraging expeditions. The number of men lost by the defenders up to July is stated as "under seven hundred." During July Arab bullets continued to rain upon the town. Provisions were extremely scarce, and the steamers became the chief dependence. Unincumbered the soldiers might have cut their way through the rebels, but burdened as they were with women and children, this was impossible. The Egyptian troops in Khartoum were not of a kind to inspire confidence in those dependent upon their protection. "One Arab horseman," writes the correspondent, "suffices to frighten 200 of our men. On one occasion eight rebels charged 200 of our men, armed with Remington rifles, and dispersed them. The only men we are able to depend on are the negroes." Several successful sorties along the Blue and the White Nile were made toward the close of July, and with the mention of these, the extracts from the diary end. Last month, however, the news came from other sources that the siege of Khartoum had been raised and that Gordon and his charges were safe. What is wanted now seems to be chiefly British gold to redeem the scrip paid to the soldiers, and British troops to effect the safe evacuation of the town. With both of these General Wolseley is hastening up the Nile; and Gordon, the man of sentiment and action, the practical enthusiast, religious exalté, fearless soldier, and bearer of a charmed life, will probably emerge from the turmoil of the campaign not only safe, but again a hero.

FOUR MILLION DOLLARS LOST.

THE other day an Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives made its report upon the well-known Star Route cases. It was a Democratic Committee, and, of course, a certain political significance attaches to the report, but it is written in a non-partisan and historical spirit, and deserves the careful attention of all intelligent citizens, regardless of party. The national disgrace of the Star Route frauds and thefts was long ago overshadowed by the greater shame of the methods by which their successful prosecution has been prevented. Impartial history is always able, in the end, to unravel these mysterious transactions and questionable proceedings, and documents, such as this report, are materials for history. A good many men who once lived in opulence on the profits of Government swindling, and were great men in their generation, and died in the odor of sanctity, have had their names shortly after nailed up among the malefactors, and rightfully so. If we mistake not, the Star Route episode may yet shadow the reputation of more than one public man. It is a sad, hard and painful episode for Americans to contemplate.

The swindles in the mail department upon forty routes confessedly caused overpayments to the amount of \$2,172,132, which the people of the United States are entitled to recover in any properly conducted suit. The swindles in some fifty other routes make the total losses of the Post Office Department equal to more than \$4,000,000, during Hayes's Administration. We do not own an iron-clad equal to the best of European war-vessels, perhaps because we cannot afford it, but this \$4,000,000 that the Star Route thieves escaped with would have gone far toward building two first-class armored vessels. We do not seem able to afford a National Library Building at Washington, to be as great an honor to the English-speaking race as is the British Museum, but we have given away to our dear Star Route friends a sum sufficient to erect the finest library building in the world. But, after all, the most painful element in the wretched business is the way in which the guilty have thus far escaped.

THE COMPROMISE OF THE FRANCHISE BILL.

OUR prediction that the Radical agitation against the House of Lords, on account of the rejection of the Franchise Bill, would prove to be machine thunder and no more, is being singularly fulfilled. The agitation has subsided; Mr. Gladstone has forgotten his threats, and made speeches in Midlothian about the "wisdom" of the Hereditary Chamber and about Lords "than whom there are no better friends to the cause of liberty"; and now the Liberal Premier and the Tory leader of the Peers are ending the incident, at the suggestion of the Queen, by a friendly compromise.

The compromise, indeed, appears to be all on the part of the Liberals. The Marquis of Salisbury will agree to have the Franchise Bill passed if the Government will submit to Parliament at the Autumn session an acceptable Bill for Redistribution. This is precisely what the Lords demanded from the beginning, and if the Government concede it, they will be admitting that the Lords were on

the side of right and wisdom in the dispute, and the Hereditary Chamber, so far from being shaken by the struggle, will only have its *raison d'être* no better established than before.

The interference of the Queen and Prince of Wales is significant. The future King is bent on popularizing royalty among the English, whom he evidently understands well. If he continues to show such wisdom, and if the nobility imitate him, it will be a long day before either the Monarchy or the Peerage is seriously menaced in that "land of settled government" where they will abolish nothing, not even a parish pump, without a well authenticated precedent.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE more or less contradictory "reports" of the past week still leave the aspect of the Chinese question practically unchanged. At a meeting of the French Cabinet Council last Thursday, Prime Minister Ferry declared that the occupation of Kelung by Admiral Courbet would finish the French operations in China, and that peace might be expected to ensue. Nevertheless, the Government would ask for a credit of ten million francs to defray the expenses attending the operations in Tonquin and China until the 1st of January. In China the war feeling appears to be as strong as ever, and preparations do not cease. A report that France had asked the mediation of the United States is denied.

The royal mediation in the Franchise dispute, and the news from the Sudan, have been amongst the uppermost topics of discussion in England during the week. They are reviewed separately in another column. The evacuation of Khartoum will be hastened as much as possible, and the progress of the relief expedition thus far has been quite successful. General Wolseley has embarked at Assouan for Wady Halfa. Two of the relief steamers have safely passed the more dangerous cataracts. General Gordon has recaptured Berber after a day's bombardment. Meanwhile, Lord Northbrook and Nubar Pasha have been discussing with the sheiks questions of provincial administration in Egypt. The sheiks opposed the giving of authority to English police officers, except under orders from the mudirs. According to late dispatches from Vienna, the tension respecting the suspension of the Egyptian sinking fund is passing away.

The Boers are charged with having invaded Stellaland in violation of the guarantees entered into with England. The English colonists are indignant, and ominous threats begin to be heard in London. It is even reported that the British Cabinet have reversed their policy heretofore pursued in South Africa, and have determined to send an expedition to crush the Boers.

There is a noticeable subsidence of the cholera epidemic throughout Italy, though there were as many as 433 fresh cases in one day last week. In France, the total number of deaths from cholera last week was 177, against 210 for the preceding week. A German protectorate has been established over the Cameroons district in West Africa. Anarchists are being arrested by wholesale in the City of Munich, twenty-three having been taken into custody in one day last week.

CANADA's protective tariff has eventually turned the balance of trade in her favor in her commercial dealings with the mother country. During the month of July last the exports from Canada to the United Kingdom amounted to £1,379,115, or about £216,000 more than was exported during the same month last year. The imports to Canada from Britain for July of this year aggregated £647,754, or about fourteen per cent less than in the corresponding month of last year. Taking seven months of the current year the imports into Canada from Great Britain show a decrease of about £1,000,000, or from £3,957,652 to £2,956,014, as compared with last year.

THE remains of Red Jacket and other Indian chiefs of the Iroquois nation were reinterred last week in a plot in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y. A granite hexagonal monument, thirty feet high, to be surmounted by a bronze statue of Red Jacket, of heroic size, is now being erected on the plot where the bodies have been buried. The reinterment and the erection of the monument is the work of the Buffalo Historical Society, which has done itself honor in this recognition of a brave and heroic man and his gallant compatriots. With all their faults, the American Indians had and have still many noble qualities, and the effort to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest of them is commendable.

THE Tammany Hall nominations for municipal officers are for the most part exceptionally good. In some respects the ticket is the best which that organization has placed in the field for many years past. The candidate for Mayor has an excellent record as a member of the Board of Aldermen, where he has resolutely maintained the rights of the people and the interests of good government, while in point of education and excellence of personal character he is fairly the peer of any recent incumbent of the office for which he is named. There can be no doubt that he will receive the support of many citizens who do not belong to the Tammany organization, and in the present disintegration of parties his election is not improbable.

WITH all the restrictive and proscriptive legislation Congress may see fit to father, it will not be the easiest thing in the world to wholly shut out the Chinese who want to come to the United States. They have been swarming down across the border from British Columbia, and all efforts to bar them out at that point have only met with partial success. It is human nature to wish to do what one is told one cannot do. There is a good deal of human nature in a Chinaman—likewise a good deal of ingenuity. The latest way they have taken of clambering over Uncle Sam's Chinese wall is to come *via* Cuba. There they become naturalized and procure passports for a small sum, and when they reach New York as Spanish citizens, despite their pigtailed and almond eyes, our Government is helpless. The Chinese problem, as it regards our future relations with them, is by no means settled.

THE case of the *Passer domesticus*, alias the English sparrow, was tried last week before a learned committee of the Ornithologists' Union. The bird having no representative at the trial, it went sadly against him. The sparrow was introduced into the cities of the North Atlantic States twenty-five years ago, and his rapidly-increasing tribe is now numerous throughout New England and the Middle States. In his deadly war upon the measuring-worm, the ichneumon-fly, and other monsters of that ilk, he did much to sustain his reputation as an insect-destroyer; but as an offset to this merit, several very damaging charges against his morals have

been made. The committee have collected documentary evidence in the shape of newspaper articles and communications from farmers, gardeners and horticulturists in the localities infested with the sparrows, and the testimony is almost unanimous in showing that the imported sparrow, by his aggressive habits, seriously disturbs the economy of the native bird-life; that, being himself quite a vegetarian in his tastes, he commits sad depredations in the fruit-orchards and the grain-field. His enormous yearly increase, it is said, is a serious menace to the great wheat fields of the West. It seems probable, therefore, that the English sparrow, if he be not exterminated altogether, will at least forfeit that legal protection which up to the present time he has enjoyed in several States.

THE most interesting event in the educational world this year is the adoption by old Yale of an optional system of studies, under criticisms, of course, from all the conservatives, but with the approval of the best friends of the institution. The announcement of "optional courses" was made last Summer, and it has now been on trial for a fortnight. The students show a tendency to desert the classical and mathematical lines of work for history, political science and the modern languages. German is twice as popular as French. Professor Sumner's lectures on the "Political and Social History of the United States," a course that takes two years to deliver, awakens a steadily increasing interest. Dr. Hadley's political economy lectures are to be upon the railroad building management and legislation of the United States and foreign countries, and is in effect a continuation of the work in this department last year. The "new departure" has resulted in greatly increasing the attendance on these lectures also.

ONE of the infinite number of financial schemes with which sad humanity is periodically worried, proposed that, as a basis of operations, all the precious metals in the United States, and all the products of the mines, should be stored up at Washington as the basis and pledge of the national currency, and paper to twice the face-value of this bullion should be issued in lieu thereof. Without the slightest idea of testing any such scheme, the present national policy has resulted in somewhat remarkable accumulations in the Treasury vaults, and this must increase until the Silver Bill is repealed or modified. The Treasury vaults now contain more than \$170,000,000 in silver coin. The new vault at Washington will only hold \$45,000,000, and by the time the next Congress meets additional storehouses will be needed. The gold coin and bullion in the Treasury is \$217,397,045. In round numbers, the Treasury at the present time contains \$452,000,000. The economic uses of a reserve fund are undoubted, but in this case it seems excessive.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, in a letter addressed to Grover Cleveland, buttonholes the worthy Governor, treating him to a very feminine *entre nous*. Mrs. Lockwood is desirous that all scandal in connection with the candidates for the high office of President should cease, and that all reference to the ladies in the case should henceforward be omitted. She favors holding a conference on the European plan; but as Queen Victoria is invariably represented by one of the male gender, Belva must needs follow suit. Upon whom would the high honor devolve? Why not upon our old and trusted friend Mr. Barnum, whose management of elephants—ay, and white ones to boot—entitles him even to tackle a Congress of Presidential candidates. As Mrs. Belva Lockwood would seem to be the only candidate to whom no scandal has as yet attached itself, it might be well for all purists to cast their votes for her, and while at once and for ever asserting the pre-eminence of woman, give a warning to gentlemen desirous of obtaining the Presidency that the slightest trifling with the sex will be used against them to their discomfiture and downfall.

THE Thirteenth Annual Report of the State Homeopathic Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, N. Y., presents an interesting exhibit of the work of that useful institution during the past year. The number of patients treated was 410, of whom 260 remained at its close; 97 were discharged either totally recovered or improved, and 18 died. A number of improvements looking to the greater comfort and protection and the speedier cure of patients have been introduced, and others—which it is to be hoped the State may soon authorize—are proposed by the efficient Superintendent, Dr. Selden H. Talcott. One, is the provision of light and cheerful day-rooms in which patients may exercise with freedom; and large and suitable airing courts, properly protected, where the inmates of the institution may enjoy the benefits of recreation in the open air. The Superintendent also urges for the patients the erection of work-shops where they may find diversion in such employment as they may be fitted for. The report states—and the fact testifies strongly to the wisdom of the management of the asylum—that every complaint made by patients has received full and careful attention; every patient who so desired has enjoyed the opportunity of private consultation with the members of the visiting board; and it has been the aim to accord to all the insane under treatment the fullest recognition of their rights. It would be well if all institutions of this character were controlled by a like humane and catholic spirit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Massachusetts Humane Society has presented a medal to Commodore Schley for his services in rescuing the Greely party.

THE people of Lewis County, Tenn., have warned all Mormon converts to leave on pain of death. Some have already taken their departure.

THE inaugural message of Governor Pingree, of Vermont, states that the actual liabilities of the State are \$50,310, and the assets \$93,149.

THE International Prime Meridian Congress met in Washington last week. The movement to adopt the Greenwich meridian was opposed by the French delegates.

THE stockholders of the New York Academy of Music have agreed to furnish a guarantee fund to Colonel Mapleson, and his opera season will begin November 5th.

MR. BLAINE last week continued his tour through Ohio, being everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm. He will visit West Virginia, Michigan and Indiana during the coming fortnight.

"BRADSTREET'S" reports show 8,302 failures in the United States in the first nine months of the year, with liabilities aggregating \$196,000,000, and \$108,000,000 of actual assets. In 1883, for the same period, the number was 7,358.

FOREIGN.

THE Liberals of the City of Glasgow have resolved to erect a statue to Mr. Gladstone.

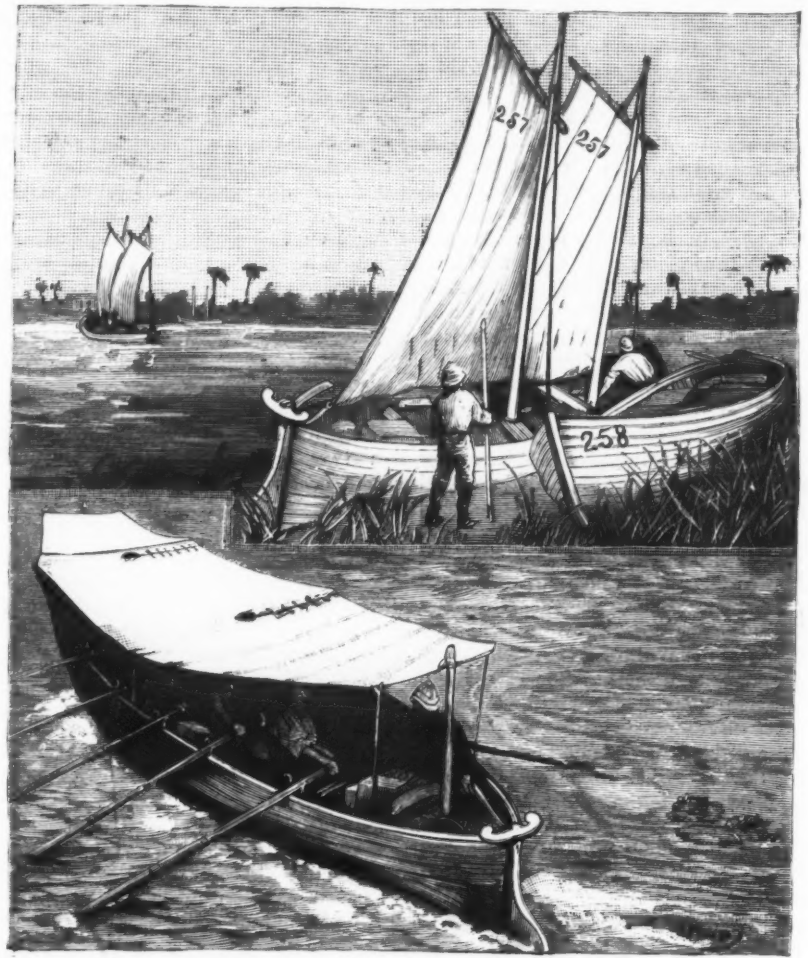
SEVENTY-NINE fishing and trading boats, with their crews, were lost in a hurricane in Iceland, September 11th.

THE heavy rains and floods, and the maintenance of cholera cordons and lazarettos, are paralyzing trade throughout Spain. The working classes are suffering greatly.

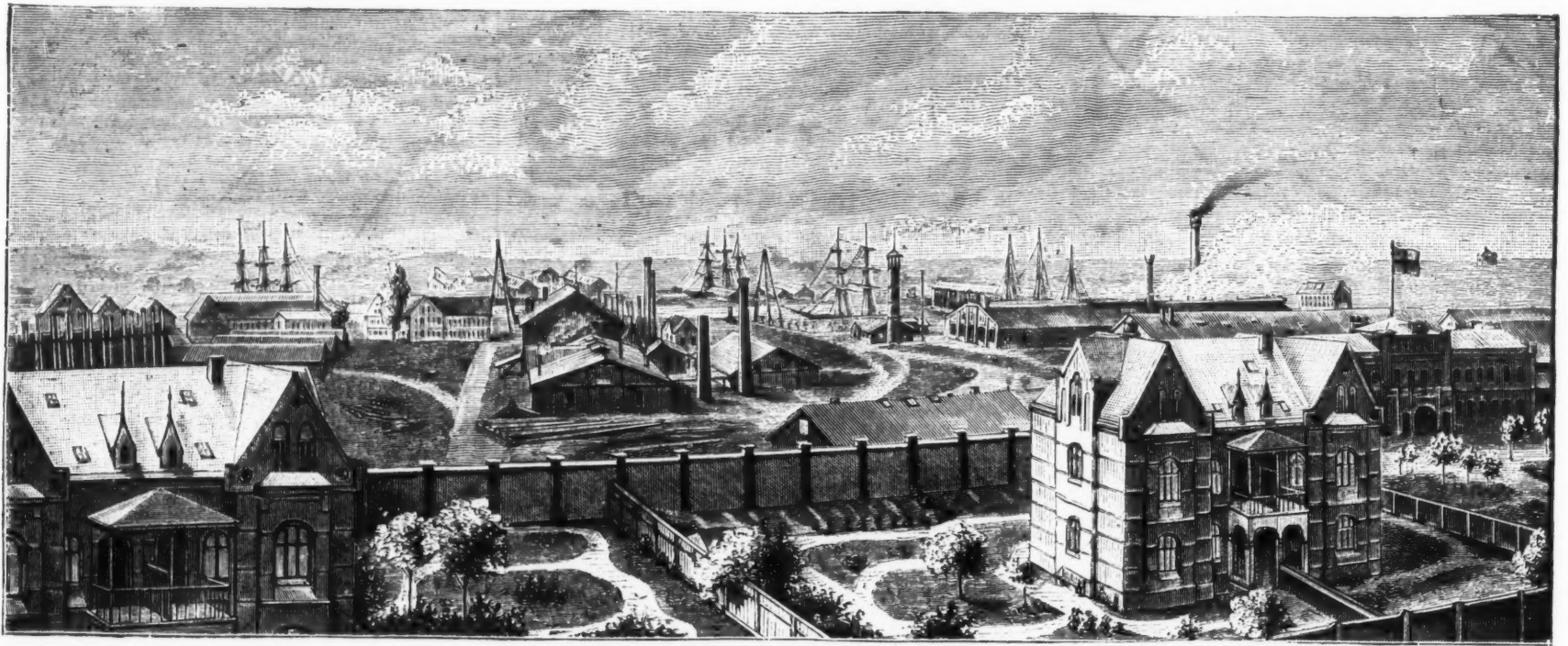
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



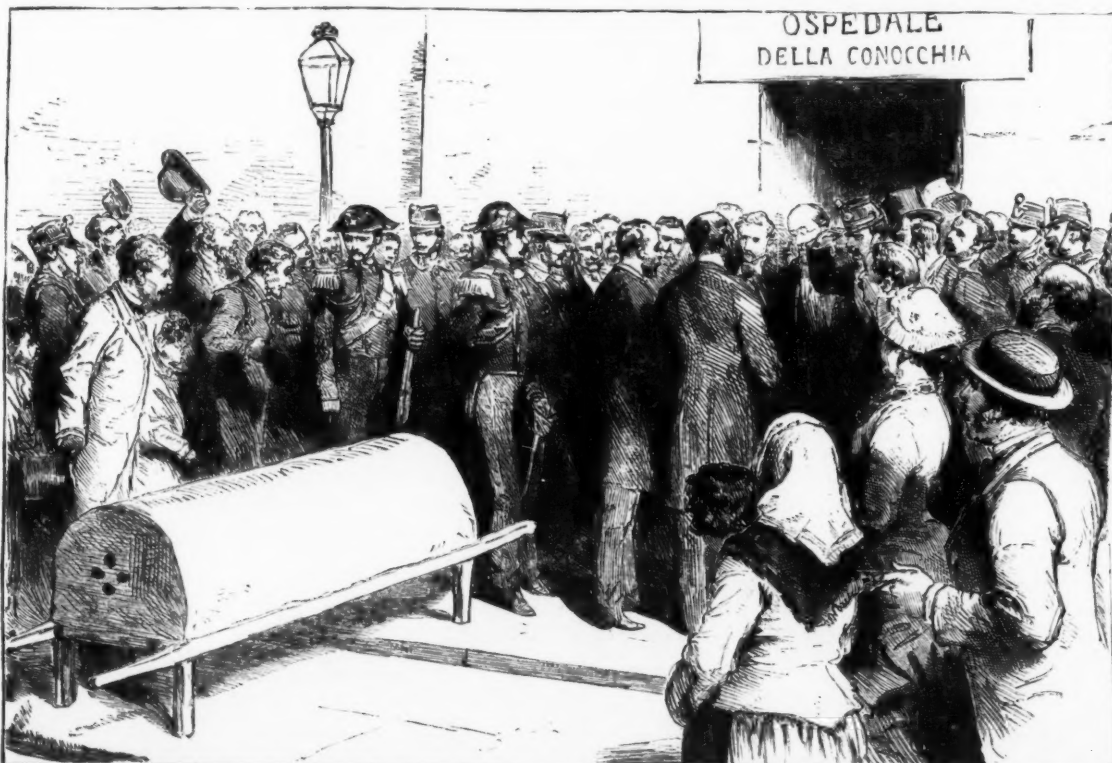
THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS — AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS INSPECTING THE RAILWAY TO SKIERNIWICE.



THE SOUDAN.—BOATS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION — 1. RIGGED WITH SAILS. 2. SHOWING AWNING.



GERMANY.—THE GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD AT KIEL.



ITALY.—VISIT TO CHOLERA PATIENTS AT NAPLES BY MINISTERS BRIN AND GRIMALDI.



ITALY.—HUMBERT I., "THE GOOD KING."

AN OLD AMERICAN ACTOR GONE.

FEW characters on the American stage have enjoyed a wider popularity than *Mose*, the "fire-laddy," and *Kit*, the Arkansas Traveler. This former was more familiar to the past generation of playgoers than to the present; the latter remained upon the stage, never superfluous, until last week, when death suddenly called off its famous impersonator, Frank Chanfrau. He was one of the last of the graduates of the Old Bowery Theatre, and of the representatives of what may be called the early school of American actors.

Francis S. Chanfrau was of French descent on the paternal side. He was born in New York in 1824. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, he obtained a humble situation in the property-room of the Old Bowery Theatre, then under the management of "Tom" Hamblin. His natural mimetic proclivities soon asserted themselves, and he was given small parts as a "general utility man." He soon advanced, and four years after was playing "second juvenile" business at the Old Park Theatre. In 1848 he was engaged as leading comedian at William Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, at Broadway and Grand Street, where he played, among many other characters, *Jerry Clipp* in "The Widow's Victim." The same year Benjamin Baker, at present secretary to the Actors' Fund, wrote a play called "A Glance at New York," in which was the part of an old-time New York "fire-laddy." This was intrusted to Chanfrau, who had himself often run with the engine, and had from his boyhood been able to study the characteristics of the genuine "Bowery Boy." The character was *Mose*, and it made Chanfrau. From his first step on the stage the character was an extraordinary success. A month or two later he was given an interest in the Chatham Street Theatre, and there produced another play, "New York as it is," in which *Mose* was the chief figure. For years after *Mose* appeared in play after play, much after the fashion of Mr. Emmet's *Fritz*. "Mysteries and Miseries of New York," "Three Years After," "Mose Married," and "Mose in California," were some of the titles.

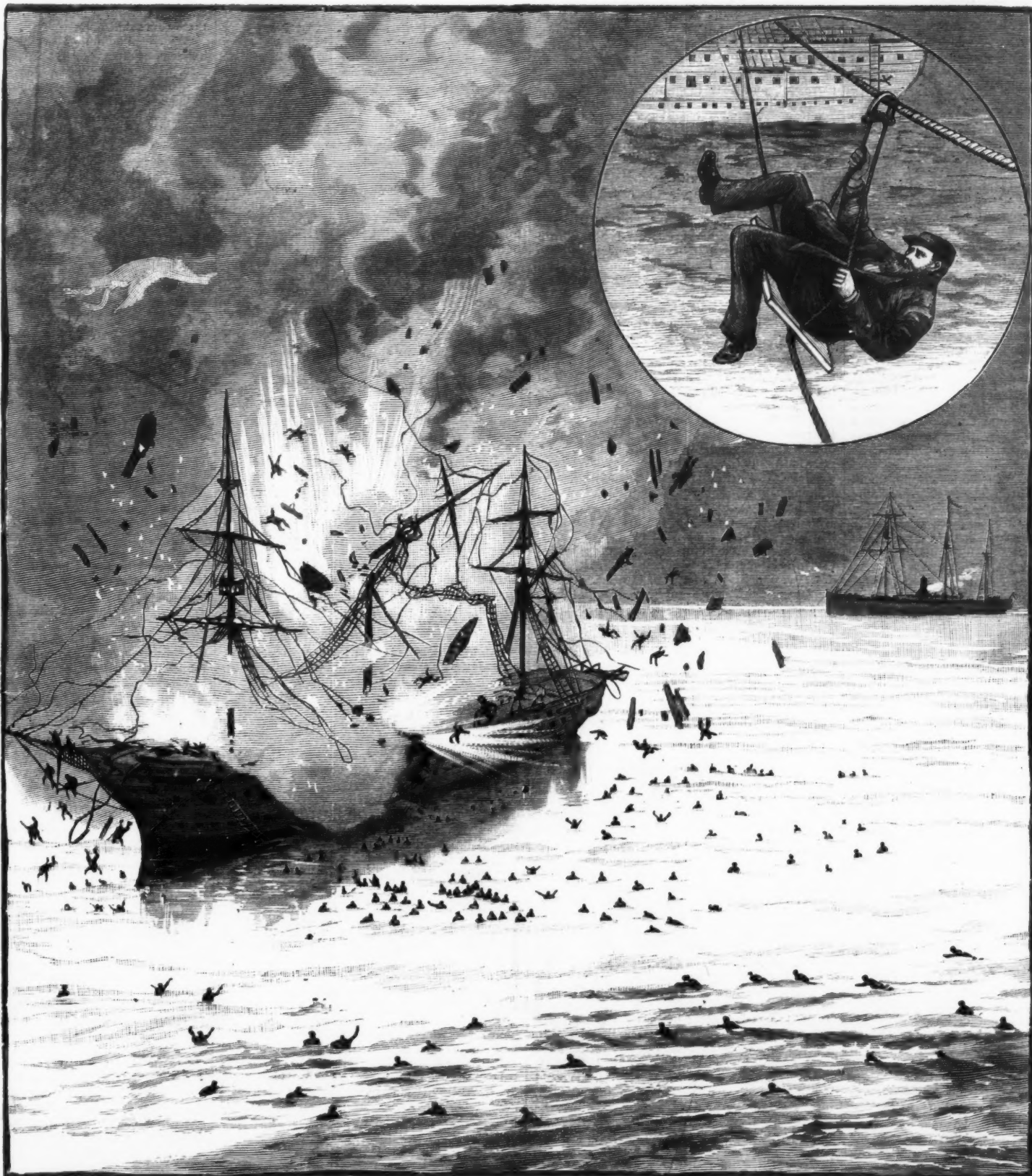
Mr. Chanfrau's next hit was made in the rôle of *Sam*, a character of the *Lord Dundreary* type, in a play written by Thomas de Walden. In 1870, Edward Spencer's play, entitled "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," was produced, and in the leading character Mr. Chanfrau won instant and lasting success. Besides the famous parts so



JOHN McCULLOUGH, THE STRICKEN TRAGEDIAN.
SEE PAGE 119.



THE LATE FRANK S. CHANFRAU, WELL-KNOWN
ACTOR.



AFRICA.—RESCUE, BY THE STEAMER "LORD OF THE ISLES," OF THE CREW OF THE FRENCH TRANSPORT "AVERYON," WRECKED ON THE SOMALI COAST, NEAR CAPE GUARDAFUI, AUGUST 23D.—FROM A SKETCH BY FIRST-OFFICER EVANS.—SEE PAGE 119.

intimately associated with his name, he has played many others in comedy and melodrama, and supported James B. Scott, the elder Wallace, and Edwin Forrest. In 1858 he married Miss Henrietta Baker, of Philadelphia, an actress of a high order of ability. She is still upon the stage, but of late years she and her husband have traveled as stars with separate companies.

Mr. Chanfrau died suddenly of apoplexy, on Thursday, the 2d instant, in Jersey City, where he was playing an engagement. Personally, he was beloved and admired in his profession. He was one of the first members of the actors' colony at Long Branch, where he owned a fine residence. His wife and two sons survive him. One of the latter, Henry T. Chanfrau, is a promising young actor.

MARGUERITE'S MUSIC-BOX.

By JULIA MILLS DUNN.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH up on a spur of the mountain-chain which lies in the southern part of the Pays de Vaud, stood a little chalet, or mountain hut, where lived Antoine Beauvert with his wife and two children, François and Marguerite.

It was more than half-way down a mountain pass, out of the main route of the tourist, but occasionally visited by chance travelers, stopping at the inn in the valley below, who had a fancy for exploring unfrequented places, or those who climbed the pass to see the fountain further beyond, which was famous for the purity and coldness of its waters.

The Beauverts were very poor, but Antoine was a very industrious man, and managed by skillful cultivation of his little vineyard to raise, some years, a fine crop of grapes, while in winter he would sit all day before the cottage window which looked down into the valley, and here, where the daylight shone brightest and lingered longest, he would work busily away, making music-boxes.

They were very poor, but they were very fond of each other, and as their circumstances obliged them to be always busy, they had no time for repining, and were quite happy and contented.

"It is such a pity for Antoine that he has a sickly wife," all his neighbors said to one another; "a wife who can do nothing at all, but lies in bed all day to be waited upon."

But Antoine did not think so. Every night when he retired he thanked God for the blessings of home, wife and children. He still called them children, though François was a tall young man of twenty, and Marguerite had just passed her eighteenth birthday.

"My good Jeanne," Antoine was wont to say to himself, "is the best of wives. Few men have so much cause for congratulation. In all the twelve years that she has been obliged to keep her bed, no one has ever heard her complain of her hard lot. As for my children, there is not their like in the whole canton, I venture to say. Where, indeed, is there another daughter like Marguerite, so dutiful and affectionate? And François—a little self-willed and rebellious, it is true, but known already as the best wood-carver for miles around, and with a talent for music that will make him a famous man some day."

It was true that François was the most ingenious of all the wood-carvers who carried their work to the market town for sale twice a year, and though there were many older and more experienced carvers among them, he was sure to receive the highest price, notwithstanding the fact that he was comparatively untrained.

"It is all favoritism," old Baptiste Godin would say, shaking his scanty white locks reprovingly at his grandson—the slow, good-natured Jacques. "It stands to reason, I say, that you, whose father was the most expert carver in the canton in his day, and whose father and grandfather were carvers before him, should do better work than this young upstart, whose father spends half his time as a vine-dresser, and the rest in making music-boxes. It is his handsome face and smooth tongue that beguiles the money from the close-handed buyer, while your better work goes unsold."

"Better or not," retorted Jacques, "I can never sell my carvings while his are beside them. And where is the advantage of being descended from a race of carvers, if one must use the same old patterns that have been in use for generations, while François disdains to use a pattern that he has not himself invented."

"He goes to nature for his models, and one seems to see the real ferns and lichens and eidelweiss he carves upon his boxes. You should see the *casse-noix* he makes! No grinning, hideous old men, like those the Godins have been carving, father and son, for three generations, but lizards, griffins. Oh, there is no lack of invention, I promise you."

"Nature, indeed!" replied old Baptiste, wrathfully. "Is it more natural, then, that a lizard should crack nuts with his teeth than a man? And in what part of the canton does he find live griffins for models? You are as mad as the rest, Jacques!"

Jacques was right, however, in attributing the number of François's customers to his skill in designing.

A certain dainty charm of delicacy and originality distinguished his work among the hackneyed subjects of his competitors. A tiny box for holding a betrothal ring would be covered with delicately carved blossoms of the eidelweiss.

A layette box, which was to hold the dainty linen garments of some young mother's darling, he would ornament with a background of lichens and ferns, with a group of cherub faces on the cover in high relief, framed in with a border of rosebuds and pansies.

But the best piece of carving that François had yet done was on the case of a music-box that he and his father had made for Marguerite's birthday present.

"She had so few pleasures," her loving old father had said, "let's make her, François, something that will be the envy of the neighborhood."

"Let me compose the tune it is to play," suggested François, "and then there will not be another like it in the whole world."

So, for many months they secretly wrought all their spare moments into it, and when her eighteenth birthday came, and Marguerite held the exquisite, dainty little box in her hands, she was half-wild with delight.

"See, dear mother," she said, with childish rapture, as she turned it over and over, "here is a goat's head that is surely that of Bébé, who follows me to the pasture every day; here are the very grapes and tendrils that grow in our vineyard, but so tiny that one's eyes can scarcely make them out; this is the tower of the little chapel where we go to worship every Sunday, and here"—with a sudden blush—"is the bird's nest that was built in the cliff, and that Jacques risked his neck to get for me, because I thoughtlessly expressed a wish for it. It is half-hidden with lichens and eidelweiss, but I should know that nest anywhere."

"But you have not heard it play yet," said her father, and he wound it up and set it going.

What music! Marguerite thought she had never heard anything half so sweet. She held the little box against her ear, and listened to its tinkling melody with delight. It was like nothing she had ever heard, and only those who have heard a certain composition of Schumann's can have any idea of its rippling sweetness.

"I can hear the birds," she cried, "singing in the vine-branches at early morning, the tinkling of the goats' bells, the splash of the water-drops when they drip down the cliffs and fall into the still, dark pool below. Now it is the sound of the wind in the pine-trees, mingled with the echo of the distant torrent. And now all these sounds mingle into a musical waltz, and I can almost see the crowd of merry dancers at the grape-festival. The caves and waterfalls fade away, and the fountain, where the sunlight falls upon it in broken shadows, but there are merry couples swinging through the dance, their feet beating time to the music. I can see Lisette with her crimson bodice and her black eyes, half-bold, half-sorrowful, and hear the notes of the different instruments."

"Well," said the mother, smiling, "if François is the artist of the family, Marguerite is certainly the poet, for no one but a poet could hear all that in one single tune."

Marguerite blushed with modest pleasure and surprise. It was François who usually received all the compliments.

"No, indeed," she protested. "It is François who is the gifted one, my father is the skillful artisan who has wrought his inspiration into harmony, and I—well—I am but a girl, who can only love you all, and work for your happiness."

CHAPTER II.

IT was early evening. Around the home of the Beauverts, and in the valley below the twilight shadows were fast growing into darkness. Off to the northward the sunset splendor gilded the far-off tops of the Juras. A faint mist rose and curled up from the meadow in the valley below, now and then a night-bird called drowsily to its mate in the branches, and the sound of the distant cataract grew louder and then fainter, as the night breeze came in fitful puffs down the mountain.

François and Marguerite sat outside the cottage, on a bench together.

Marguerite was knitting, for though the light had suddenly become too dim for her to see her work, long habit and constant practice enabled her to knit almost as well in the dark as in the daylight.

"Marguerite," said François, suddenly, "I am going to America."

"To America! To that far-off country? Oh, François!"

"Marguerite, you must see that our father is growing older and more feeble every day. Two years in succession has the blight fallen on our grapes, notwithstanding our vineyard lies on the sunniest slope in all the neighborhood, and we are growing poorer each year. Something must be done, and who is there to do it but me? In that country where they make fortunes so quickly and so easily, I can find plenty of employment, and the people will not only appreciate my work, but they also pay like princes, it is said."

Marguerite's tears flowed fast. She could not imagine what life would be without François; besides, how could one bear to leave such a beautiful country as this and go to a barbarous land like America, where the rulers of the country were fierce red men, who thought nothing of scalping their subjects for no offense whatever. She had read all about it in a little book that Jacques had lent her. To be sure, the people were not black as Lisette Godin had declared, for she had sometimes seen them, tourists, who had called at the chalet for a glass of milk, or to engage François to act as guide in their wanderings about the neighborhood.

Lisette was ignorant; of that there was not a doubt; but then she lived farther up the mountain, a place so remote that she saw but little of the world, so who could blame her?

Could she live without François? No, she could not—some other way should be found; and then, as she heard her mother's voice calling her, she wiped away her tears, and went indoors to wait upon her.

From this time François grew silent, preoccupied. He thought over the project of going to America until the dream became an absorbing passion. He no longer sang and whistled over his wood-carving the impromptu snatches of melody that wove themselves half-unconsciously into

measures and cadences in his brain, but sat over his work, silent and morose.

His mother, who doted upon her son with the unreasoning fondness of one whose mind was weakened by long suffering, became querulous and exacting through sympathy with a trouble she could not understand, and required more of Marguerite's attention than ever—nay, she even went so far as to upbraid François himself.

"Alas! that the good God should so afflict one," she would murmur. "Poverty, sickness, and now the estrangement of my son, who no longer loves me. But he is in love—yes, that it is without doubt, and who, then, should it be but that black-eyed Lisette? A girl who has had all the young men in the parish for lovers, and who must now charm away from me my François."

During those days of trouble and despair, it was Marguerite who cheered and upheld the family. She soothed and pacified her mother, was most fond and affectionate to her feeble old father, and indulged François by listening to his wild schemes, when no one else was by to hear.

"What will become of me?" was the question she often asked in utter despair. "If I could only do something; but then, there is nothing I can do. If I were only a genius now, like François."

Often she would be awakened at night by hearing François, after his parents were asleep, steal quietly out doors to stride madly up and down the mountain side, and listening to the sound of his footsteps and the mingled rush and roar of wind and waterfall, would fall asleep upon a pillow that was wet with tears.

Sometimes she would wind her music-box and put it under her pillow, to listen to the sweet melody of which she never grew tired.

One day when François went to the market town to sell his wood-carvings, he accidentally found an American gentleman at the shop where he usually sold his wares, who bought all the pieces he had at prices that seemed fabulous to the unsophisticated boy.

"I want them for a friend of mine who has a fancy for this sort of thing," the gentleman said, in rather imperfect French. "I wish you had as many more, I would like to have you carve a mantel for my library if you only had some American designs to work from."

A sudden impulse overmastered François. "I am going to America very soon," he began, almost without knowing what he was saying. "We are very poor at home, monsieur, and I hear that one can do well in your country. Will you, then, be kind enough to give me some orders, monsieur, if I go beyond the sea?"

"If you come as far West as Chicago, certainly," the gentleman replied, kindly, "I shall be pleased also to recommend you. Your work is really very fine. Here is my card, I see my friends are waiting for me."

That night when Jacques Godin returned from the market-town he carried a soiled and crumpled note from François, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MARGUERITE—I send this by Jacques, who will give you part of the money I have to-day received. I have kept enough to take me to Chicago. I wish, also, to keep your music-box for a few months, which I want to show as a specimen of my work. I will soon, very soon, return to you all, a rich man. Until then, good-by. FRANÇOIS."

Great was the consternation in the household when Marguerite, trembling and sobbing, read it aloud. Old Antoine broke down completely, and wept, the first tears Marguerite had ever seen him shed, while her mother lay with her face turned to the wall and refused all consolation.

At last Jeanne conceived the idea of sending her daughter across the ocean to seek out François and bring him back. In vain the parish minister and all the neighbors reasoned with her on the impossibility of sending a young girl alone to a foreign country. Worst of all, Jacques had lost the address that François had copied from the gentleman's card, and they did not know where to write.

"Go, I entreat you, my child," she would repeat night and day; "in all your life you have always done whatever you undertook, though you are not gifted, like François, it is true. It is, perhaps, as well that all are not geniuses in this world, since some of us must look after the welfare of others; and though you have never planned any great things, you have been very useful, which is very well, too, is it not, Antoine? At all events, you must go."

Day after day she wept, and begged that Marguerite be sent to look for François, till all the neighbors lost patience, and staid away from the cottage, rather than hear her complaints.

And poor Marguerite went about her household tasks with a heavy heart, thinking all the while of François exposed to so many dangers in such a barbarous place, but striving to be cheerful for her father's sake, and bearing her burdens as best she might.

CHAPTER III.

TELL the driver to stop the carriage a moment, John, please," and John Blanding's young and pretty wife lifted her little sick boy to look out of the carriage window. "Here is a cottage where we can get some milk for Robbie, I think."

"Milk for Robbie," repeated the child, and when Marguerite, who had obeyed the lady's request and brought a mug of milk for the little fellow, moved with tender compassion at the sight of the wan baby-face, began to murmur a few caressing words in her pretty French accent, he threw both arms around her neck, and clung there with all his baby-strength, repeating:

"Nannette, my Nannette!"

"He thinks it is Nannette," said Mrs. Blanding to her husband. "A French nurse we had for him in Chicago," she explained to Marguerite; "we were obliged to leave her in Paris, and he has fretted for her ever since."

"Chicago?" repeated Marguerite. "Do you,

madame, live in that city? You may, then, have seen François, my brother—but no, he cannot have reached there yet."

And then, encouraged by the lady's questions, and kindly interest, she told in her simple fashion the story of François's departure.

"A sad case, truly," said kind-hearted Mrs. Blanding, "and I wish we might do something to help you. Come to mamma, Robbie," and she held out her arms to her child, who was still with Marguerite.

But Robbie, who, during the two short years of his life, had known no law save that of his own royal inclination, clung closer to Marguerite, repeating, "Nannette, Robbie's Nannette," and stoutly resisted all bribes and persuasion to return to his mother.

"Better hire the girl, Louise," suggested Mr. Blanding. "See here, my girl," turning to Marguerite, "our baby, who has been ill at the inn down yonder in the valley, seems to have taken a fancy to you, and, if you like, you can go back with us as nurse-girl. Mind, I do not say you can find your brother; the chances are that you will not; but we can send you back next Summer in the care of friends, and we will pay you well."

Marguerite's heart sank with sudden despair. Her mother, she knew, would insist on her going, and the thought of leaving home and friends to encounter all the perils of which she had a vague, unconfessed terror, almost overcame her. But it was for François—for her dear mother. That gave her strength.

"It shall be as my parents decide," she said, simply; and then added, "you are very kind, madame."

But when they came, a few days after, to discuss the matter with old Antoine and his wife, Jeanne's mother-heart rebelled at first from parting with her girl.

"How can I live without Marguerite?" she would cry, sobbing aloud. "Never was there such a nurse, I promise you, madame, and, indeed, she can do everything, for that matter. Such lace mending! such knitting! never was there such a skillful pair of hands as Marguerite's."

"You must be quite a genius," said Mrs. Blanding, smiling upon Marguerite.

"God forbid!" replied Antoine, hastily. "No, madame, one genius is enough for a family. François is that, to be sure—a son to be proud of, madame, but Marguerite—well—she is born to make people happy, and to be loved with all one's heart."

It was Summer again, and the roses were in blossom in the Blanding Grounds, and the grayish waters of Lake Michigan seemed to take a bluer tint from the June skies above them.

"Marguerite is growing thin," remarked Mr. Blanding, as he and his wife were taking their morning meal together in the cheerful little breakfast-room that overlooked the lawn.

Outside, among the beds of flowers, were Marguerite and Robbie, walking about for the morning exercise that had been prescribed for the health of that young autocrat.

"She is the most extraordinary girl," and Mrs. Blanding adjusted the jeweled rings that shone on her pretty white fingers; "you have no idea, John, what a sense of honor she has. Every servant in the house recognizes it, and seems to regard her as a superior being, and yet she has not an enemy among them."

"She seems to have a keen sense of duty," remarked her husband.

"It is not so much that, either," replied Mrs. Blanding; "at least, not so much any special obligation to please us, but rather as if she felt responsible to herself for the truest and best things she is capable of, like the character in that story 'Noblesse Oblige,' that you read to me yesterday."

"That may come of her Huguenot blood. You know her ancestry suffered for conscience sake, and these inherited tendencies sometimes grow stronger, instead of weakening, by transmission."

"Well," answered his wife, "I don't know much about hereditary and such things, but it is a great satisfaction to have Marguerite around, the satisfaction one feels in the possession of a genuine article, and the best of its kind, like owning china that is real Meissen, or wearing real diamonds, or hand-made lace. I can't explain it, but I feel it very strongly indeed. And think of the benefit to Robbie to be constantly associated with such a person," she went on; "why, only the other day I overheard her reproving him for torturing a fly: 'It is low and base to be cruel to anything weaker than we are, Master Robbie; your father is a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman must not do things that are low and base.'"

"And what did the prince reply?" asked his father.

Mrs. Blanding smiled. "He said, 'Papa may be a gentleman, Marguerite, but mamma is not,' so I shall do what I like."

Mr. Blanding laughed heartily. "Trust his small highness for an argument. We shall have to make a lawyer of him, Louise. But is it not strange that we have never discovered Marguerite's brother? Wood-carvers are not so plenty in Chicago, or in America, either, for that matter, that one of his skill should remain undiscovered after all the efforts we have made to find him."

"Perhaps he never came to Chicago at all, John. Do, pray, go out and take Robbie away from those flower beds; he seems bent on destroying them."

When Robbie was brought back to the breakfast-room, riding triumphantly on his father's shoulder, Marguerite followed, her white apron filled with the fragrant blossoms Robbie's mischievous hands had picked.

"Really," said Mrs. Blanding, "what can we do with these flowers? The vases are already filled. Here, Marguerite, take them up to the hospital in

the next block. No, Robbie, you cannot go"—the child was clinging to Marguerite's apron—"there might be danger of infection."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Blanding. "Go to the accident ward, Marguerite. I suppose a broken leg is scarcely contagious. I only wish the houses where people live were half as well disinfected and as thoroughly ventilated. Let Robbie go, we may want to make a surgeon of him yet."

Robbie, who, in his fond father's imagination, had already been invested with a bishop's robe, sat on the judicial bench, and filled a professor's chair in a medical college, trotted along with Marguerite, and, when the hospital was reached, gazed delighted down the long hall in the convalescents' ward, with its rows of clean white beds on each side.

He walked down the room between the matron and his nurse, who carried the freshly-cut fragrant flowers.

These were Jacqueminot-roses, with a whole Summer's warmth and sunshine in their glowing; crimson hearts; pansies, royal in vestments of purple and gold; pinks, white and crimson, with a suggestion of the tropics in their spicy fragrance; long sprays of clinging vines, and half-opened rose-buds, fresh and cool with morning dew.

The matron paused before a bed, whose occupant lay with his face to the wall, asleep.

"Here," she said, "is a poor fellow who was hurt the day he reached the city. He has been here for months, and amuses himself when the pain is not too bad by carving on bits of wood that the surgeons bring him. Lay a few flowers on his pillow and pass on."

But Robbie's keen eyes had spied a little carved box half under the pillow, and, with his usual boldness, seized hold of it. As he did so the clearest, sweetest melody was heard, a prelude like the first faint twitter of forest birds at dawn, and Marguerite, her face irradiated, listened a moment, then fell on her knees beside the bed and clasped the unconscious sleeper in her arms.

"I see the valley once more," she sobbed, and the vineyard with clusters purple in the Autumn sun, the fountain; flecked with shifting shadows; and the dancers at the grape festival. It is, oh, God be thanked! it is Francois at last! Oh, Francois, my heart is breaking for the mountains, the dear ones at home, and for Jacques! Let us go back to them soon, my Francois!"

And they did. Francois convalesced rapidly, and, with orders enough to keep him employed for a year, they returned to Vaud, and rejoiced the hearts of their parents, to say nothing of Jacques, whose good, faithful heart had been heavy since Marguerite's departure, or Lisette, whose bold, sorrowful eyes had often been dimmed with tears for the absent Francois.

All this happened some years since. Old Antoine, and his wife Jeanne, sleep in the parish churchyard, but in the little chalet on the mountain live Jacques Godin and Marguerite, his wife, and sometimes, when Francois and Lisette come with their children to visit them, Jacques relates to the little group the story of Marguerite's music-box.

"And is it not well, then, to have a talent?" cries sturdy little Francois Beauvert, turning upon his Uncle Jacques his bold, black eyes, so like those of Lisette, his mother, "and to be a great genius and admired by everybody?"

"I dare not say that it is not," answers Jacques, in the old, slow fashion, looking admiringly at Francois, the elder, who has still the reputation of being the most skillful wood-carver in the canton; "that I do not know, but this I am sure of, that God sometimes leaves his best work to be done by those who are only loving and good."

THE FEAST OF THE MOON.

THE Feast of the Moon was celebrated on the night of the 2d instant by devout and patriotic Chinamen in all parts of the world. In Mott Street, the Chinese quarter of New York, the observance was general and hearty, suppers being given by many of the Celestial merchants. It is usual, before beginning the festivities, for each Chinaman to take a look at the moon, and this done the feast goes on with the utmost enthusiasm. Moon cake, the principal article of refreshment, is a dirty-looking doughy substance, made of mellow seed, the gee-ma nut, almonds and walnuts ground up and held together in a paste of quince jelly.

AN EXCITING RESCUE ON THE EAST AFRICAN COAST.

AN interesting story of adventure and rescue is told by First-officer Evans, of the British steamship *Lord of the Isles*, which lately arrived in the port of New York. On the 23d of last August this vessel, sailing from China and Japan to New York, rescued the officers and crew and half of the passengers of the French transport *Averyon*, which had been wrecked on the Somali coast near Cape Guardafui, the eastern extremity of Africa. The *Averyon*, with six hundred people on board, including her officers and crew, a marine guard of forty-five men, several officers and their wives and a large number of invalid soldiers, was returning to France from Tonquin. On August 20th she went ashore near Cape Guardafui, in a heavy sea. A Somali village was close by, and the natives congregated by thousands on the shore. The chief boarded the ship, and demanded \$6,000 to let the Frenchmen land. They were able to raise only \$600, for which amount the natives agreed to allow a party from the transport to come ashore and establish a provision camp. The first-lieutenant of the *Averyon* started with eleven men in a boat to effect a landing, but his boat was overturned in the surf, the men were thrown into the water, and one of them was drowned. The natives immediately came to the rescue of the others, and, as they were taking the Frenchmen ashore, stole everything out of their pockets, and captured the lieutenant's watch and chain. The lieutenant got a line to the ship and rigged up a sling so that men could go to and fro from the vessel.

The natives watched carefully to see that no more landed, and any attempt to reinforce the

party at the camp would probably have been the signal for a general massacre. The next day a German steamer, the *Massalia*, passing by, took off three hundred sick soldiers and women from the wrecked transport. She had no room for more and sailed away, leaving the three hundred and six others to their fate. The sea was rising, the three thousand savages were clamoring for money, and things looked black for the Frenchmen. There were no arms aboard except two small cannon (which were fired as signals of distress continually), the rifles of the forty-five marines, and the pistols carried by the officers. On the evening of August 23d, the *Lord of the Isles*, passing up towards the Gulf of Aden, heard the minute guns and ran in to the wreck. The sea was so high that nothing could be done that day, but on the next the boats from the British steamer went off to the *Averyon* and took every one aboard. The savages swam around the English boats, and tried to stick their hatchets through the boats' bottoms. The party of Frenchmen on shore retreated to the *Averyon* when they saw that rescue was at hand. The first-lieutenant was the last to leave the beach. As he placed himself in the sling to be hauled on board, the natives surrounded him and cut all the buttons off his uniform. When he was half-way to the ship the savages began to haul on the line by which the sling was drawn ashore. The sailors on the ship hauled equally hard the other way, so that in the confusion the lieutenant was overturned, and hauled aboard feet first, almost suffocated. On leaving the *Averyon*, the captain set her on fire. As the last boat load left the transport two or three thousand natives swarmed on board, and when the *Lord of the Isles* sailed away they could be seen shouting and fighting in the midst of the flames on the deck of the burning vessel. There was only sixty pounds of powder on board, the rest having been thrown overboard. Just before the *Lord of the Isles* got out of sight of the burning vessel the flames reached the powder. There was an explosion, the masts went by the board, and several hundred savages must have been killed. The rescued Frenchmen were landed at Aden.

Our illustrations are from sketches by First-officer Evans, of the *Lord of the Isles*.

JOHN McCULLOUGH'S ILLNESS.

"GENERAL, you are not fit for battle." So they say to the wounded *Gladiator* in the play, and so sympathizing friends have had to say to John McCullough, the tragedian, the best latter-day representative on the stage of heroic Romans. The sudden death of Frank Chanfran, and the physical and mental prostration of Mr. McCullough, occurring almost simultaneously last week, startled theatrical people and playgoers generally. For a year or two past Mr. McCullough's condition had caused anxiety amongst his intimate acquaintances, and it may be that their very solicitude aggravated the nervous disorder which culminated in his melancholy collapse in Chicago. It is indeed pitiful to think of the ideal *Virginius* groping painfully through his grand speeches, sometimes, indeed, momentarily warming to the fiery outbursts of old, but anon relapsing into a spiritless mechanical routine devoid of the virility and charm of the Roman father, or the *Spartacus* whom once we knew. Can it be that the noble mind is indeed overthrown, and the splendid physique permanently shattered? Mr. McCullough is not yet fifty years old, and it is to be hoped that a period of rest and quiet, to which he has so long been a stranger, will restore him to a prolonged career in the art which he has honored.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The three great European Emperors who met at Skierniewice, in Poland, last month, to form themselves into a mutual protection society are so beset with Nihilists, Socialists and Anarchists, that they are obliged either to travel secretly, or to protect the railways by cordons of troops over which they pass. The latter plan was adopted by the Czar of Russia and by his illustrious guests. It is said that no less than eight thousand men were stationed along the route through Russia and Poland, where depots, tunnels, bridges and rails were carefully inspected, and travelers searched. Similar precautions were taken in Germany and Austria, and our picture shows a party of the soldiers of the Emperor Franz-Josef examining the rails previous to the approach of the train bearing the imperial but nervous travelers. Under such circumstances to call the journey a pleasure-journey is slightly ironical.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

We give an illustration of the boats constructed for the Nile expedition. These boats measure thirty feet by six feet six inches, and have a depth of two feet and a half. They are built of fir, weigh about ten hundred weight, and are propelled by twelve oars and two sails. Awnings are provided to protect the crews from the sun. Each boat is loaded with over two tons of stores and ammunition, the packages being so arranged as to form a breastwork, if desirable, against an enemy's rifle-shot.

THE CHOLERA IN NAPLES.

The scenes which have marked the cholera visitation in Naples show most strikingly the influence of superstition and panic over an ignorant population. The pauper classes have done their utmost to conceal every case, and opposed by all the forcible means in their power the removal of the sick to the hospital, where they fancied poison would be at once administered. The women were worse than the men, and carried off their children from the schools and homes lest the dreaded poison should be administered to them. Unoffending passers-by were attacked on the plea that they were sowing the "powder," countless religious processions paraded the streets, the walled-up shrines in the streets were once more unsealed, trade was completely suspended, and at night long funeral trains wended their way to the cemeteries. The authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, worked bravely to combat both the disease, the panic, and the superstition of the people. The police were called upon to lend their aid, and a priest was detailed to accompany each physician in his rounds among the people, by which means proper attention could be given to the cases as they were reported. Archbishop San Felice and clergy were unremitting in their exertions, while Ministers Brin (Minister of Marine), and Grimaldi (Minister of Agriculture), visited the city and went through the infected districts and the hospitals distributing money and giving directions concerning the welfare of the people. Shortly there-

after King Humbert himself went the rounds of the hospitals, personally directing what should be done for the wretched people. During his stay the cases rose to nearly 1,000 a day, and ordering the troops to camp outside, he ordered the barracks to be set aside for the sick. His bravery in thus sharing danger with the humblest of his subjects worked much moral good, and many of the influential inhabitants, shamed by his example, returned to the city, and took their part in striving to allay the terrible suffering caused by the epidemic. Cheap eating-houses have now been opened for the people, where they can obtain wholesome meals at a nominal price, and everything is being done to counteract the tendency the people have toward imprudent eating and drinking. We give King Humbert's portrait on page 116.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD AT KIEL.

The German navy now includes twenty-nine armored vessels of various sizes and descriptions, together with eleven "Gedeckte," or spar-decked corvettes, one of which is still in the building yard; eleven "Glattdeck," or flush-decked corvettes, three as yet incomplete; five cruising gun-vessels; five gunboats of the first class, and one of the second for coast defense; eight dispatch boats; two small transports; eleven torpedo boats afloat, and nineteen under construction. The heavy ordnance of the navy consists of Krupp's breechloaders, and Hotchkiss supplies the machine guns. The principal war port of Germany is Kiel, on the Baltic coast. The wharves and dockyards are mainly Government property, and those connected with the construction and repair of ships of war altogether so; indeed, they form a portion of the port itself, where complete or repaired ships are manned, armed, and equipped for service. The new and principal dockyards were commenced in 1871, and three years later the first vessel constructed there was successfully launched. Our illustration gives a general and complete view of the place as a whole.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

GREAT BRITAIN is better supplied with newspapers than any other country in the world. Belgium comes next, and the United States is third. There are 34,000 newspapers published in the world, of which 32,000 are published in Europe and North America alone.

CREMATION is making great strides in France. The Prefect of the Seine means to establish Siemens furnaces in several of the cemeteries of Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons whose bodies are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful, the Government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation.

Few, even of those who are devotees of the "silent wheel," are aware of the number and variety of kinds of velocipedes that have been patented in this country. The number of patents for velocipedes of all sorts, including saddles, is about nine hundred. Of these, tricycles constitute the great majority, or nearly two-thirds of the whole.

THE star of the empire in the stock business has passed away from Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming, and has moved Northwest into the fertile grazing valleys of Dakota and Montana. One company has 45,000 head of cattle in Montana; another firm has 24,000 head of beavers in the same locality; still another has 18,000 head on its range. Yet others have respectively 40,000, 60,000, and so on.

It is said by a St. Paul correspondent that the entire "catch" of buffalo robes this year is only four. Last year the catch was 10,000. In 1881, the year after the Northern Pacific was opened through to the Little Missouri, Northwestern traders got in about 100,000 robes. The railway let in the hide hunters, and as the buffalo happened to be south of the line, and within reaching distance of the Missouri and transportation, the output was large. Thousands upon thousands were killed whose hides were never removed; and of these thousands a large majority furnished only a few pounds of tenderloin to the rapacious riflemen. Practically the buffalo are extinct. They have disappeared from the face of Dakota and Montana, and from the remainder of the Northwest as well. The remnants of the big band, numbering probably a few thousand, are somewhere north of the International line; no one seems to know where are a few on the Upper Merican, and still fewer on the plains between the James River and the Missouri, and about the forty-sixth parallel.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—In West Brighton, S. I., John Bethune Staples, lawyer, of New York, aged 74 years. SEPTEMBER 28TH.—In New York, Mrs. Catherine Bliss, wife of George Bliss, aged 49 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Edward T. Backhouse, President of the King's County Fire Insurance Company, aged 78 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Commodore T. S. Fillebrown, Commandant of the Navy Yard, aged 60 years; in San Francisco, Cal., ex-Congressman Joseph S. Smith, a pioneer of 1845. SEPTEMBER 29TH.—In Winchester, Va., E. P. Danbridge, counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, aged 45 years; in New York, Cornelius A. Wortendyke, President of the Wortendyke Manufacturing Company, aged 64 years; in New York, Albert H. Lamson, a well-known business man, aged 34 years; in Cincinnati, O., Joseph Bunker, Chief Fire Marshal of that city, aged 52 years. SEPTEMBER 30TH.—In New York, ex-Police Justice John Scott, aged 60 years; in New York, the Rev. Michael Mulry, S. J., Assistant Vice-president of St. Francis Xavier's College, aged 31 years; in Atlanta, Ga., John H. Flynn, President of the American Association of Master Mechanics; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Marshal Swartzwelder, a prominent criminal lawyer; in Rotherham, England, the Rev. George C. Athole, Rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents in New York city, aged 37 years; in New York, Dr. David F. Felter, an old physician of this city, aged 61 years. OCTOBER 1ST.—In New York, ex-State Senator Robert H. Strahan, aged 43 years; in Warsaw, Ill., Dr. Charles Hay, an old, prominent and respected citizen, father of Colonel John Hay, aged 83 years; in New York, Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Perry, U. S. A.; in New York, Job C. Brown, of the firm of Lawrence, Taylor & Co., aged 57 years; in Fordham, N. Y., Father Paturni, of St. John's College. OCTOBER 2d.—In Jersey City, N. J., Frank Chanfran, the well-known actor, aged 60 years; in Youngstown, N. Y., J. M. Bonnell, well known in the iron trade, aged 36 years; in Morristown, Tenn., Robert McFarland, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, aged 52 years. OCTOBER 3d.—In Hartford, Conn., Charles Boswell, formerly State Senator; in Vienna, Austria, Hans Makart, the celebrated painter, aged 44 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SOME thirty thousand workmen are out of employment in Lyons, France, and stormy meetings are of frequent occurrence.

THE well-known Glen House in the White Mountains, New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire on the 1st instant. It had just been closed for the season.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of September amounted to \$12,647,039. Since the 1st of June the reduction has been \$24,533,180.

ONE of the indisputable evidences of the working of the High License law is found in the fact that the City of Chicago has had its revenue increased from \$200,000 to nearly \$1,500,000 yearly.

A NOVEL feature of the reception of Mr. Blaine at Urbana, Ohio, last week, was a cavalcade of women on horseback wearing black hats with white plumes. They acted as escort for the party accompanying Mr. Blaine.

THE French Government has imposed a poll-tax of twenty-five cents upon every person who lands at Calais or Boulogne. The money thus raised is to be used in defraying the expenses incurred in improving the harbors on the north coast.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, held in New York city last week, it was reported that the disbursements during the last year were \$59,995, and that throughout the South the cause of education is steadily growing in popular favor.

THE movement among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic to purchase the battlefield of Gettysburg and to perpetuate with suitable structures the memory of the great fight, is growing. Already they have secured considerable portions of the ground.

A LIGHT vote was polled in the Georgia State election last week. Henry G. McDaniels was re-elected Governor; W. A. Wright was chosen Comptroller; General R. V. Hardeman, Treasurer; Clifford Anderson, Attorney-general; and N. C. Barnett, Secretary of State—all Democrats.

THE Winter in Australia has been unusually severe this season. Snow has fallen in several places, and such intense cold had not been felt in Melbourne for many years. One day the thermometer registered twenty-four degrees, while ice covered all puddles in the streets.

THE iron trade at Pittsburg and vicinity is improving. There are more puddling furnaces in operation than at any time for several months. As a general thing the steel business is yet slack. The Bessemer plant is in operation, but not to its full capacity. It is turning out 400 tons of rails daily.

THE North Carolina State Exposition at Raleigh was opened on the 30th ultimo with imposing ceremonies, including a military procession, an oration by United States Senator Hawley, etc. The Exposition promises to be the most successful ever held in the State. A special exhibit is made by the colored people.

ADVICES from Madagascar through French sources state that the Hovas are suffering great privations from the want of provisions, and many have deserted their chiefs and surrendered to the French forces. General Miot, the French commander, continues to strengthen his positions, but at present sees no prospect of a speedy end to the campaign.

It says something for the honesty of the Civil Service Commission of England, when Lord Clarendon, the eldest son of Lord Dufferin gets "plucked" every time he presents himself for examination for the diplomatic service. His diplomatic father and brilliant mother are determined that the heir shall adopt this career, but their united influence cannot pull the lad through unless he gets his lessons off by heart.

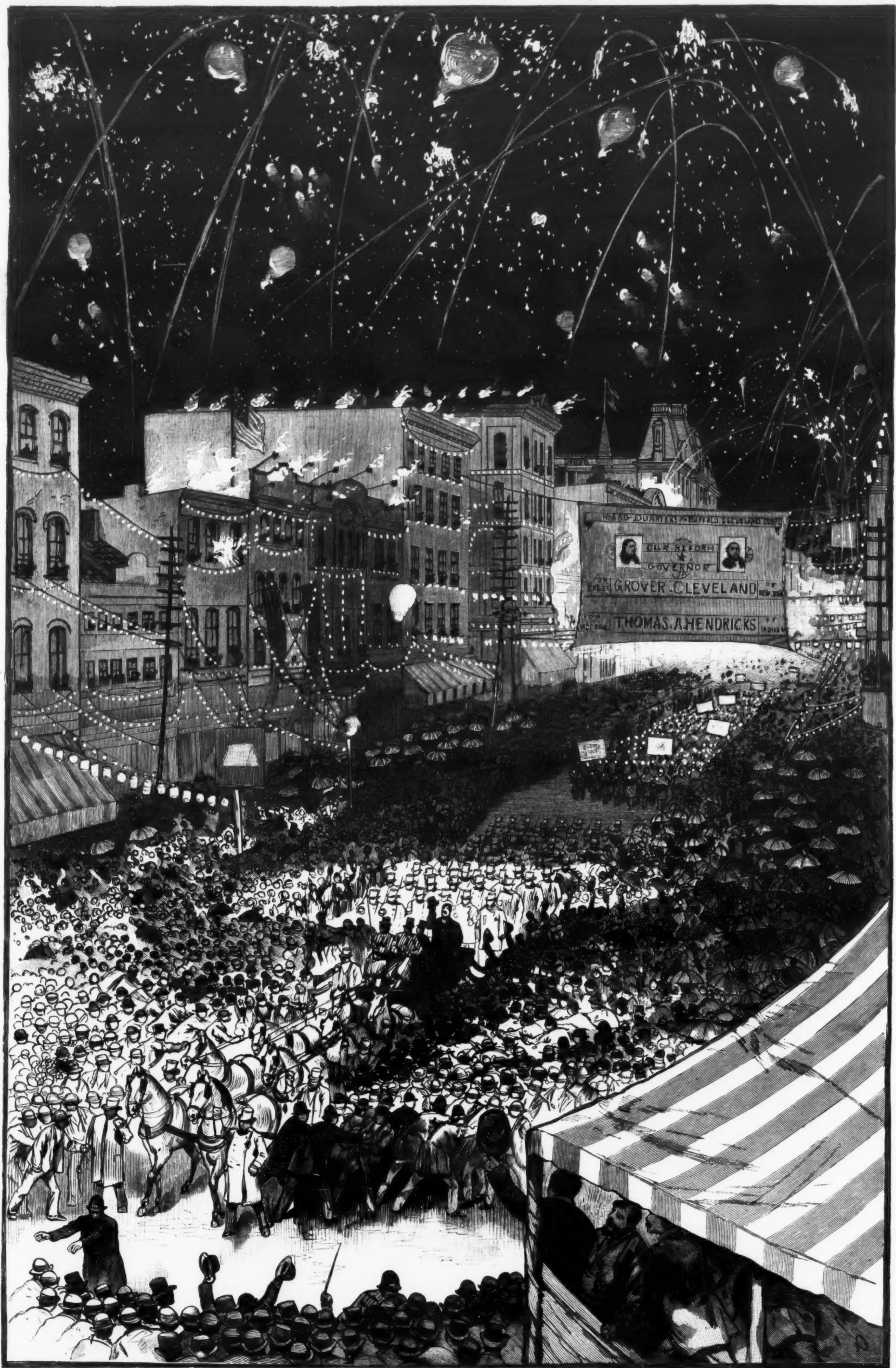
THE Cholera Commission at Marseilles, in their report, state that they followed the progress of the disease by hourly examining the blood of persons stricken with it. They found that in each case at first a few of the globules presented an unhealthy appearance; then one-third were affected; then one-half; then two-thirds, and finally death resulted. The fact was developed that all the globules were not simultaneously affected.

AMERICANS in London contemplate building on the Thames Embankment an Anglo-American Exchange, which is to include under one roof a gigantic hotel, a banking establishment, a theatre for the production of purely American dramas, and an assembly-room in which travelers from the United States may be fairly certain to meet their compatriots who are doing the tour of Europe. Ample funds for carrying out the scheme have been subscribed or are within easy reach, and a site for the building is now being secured.

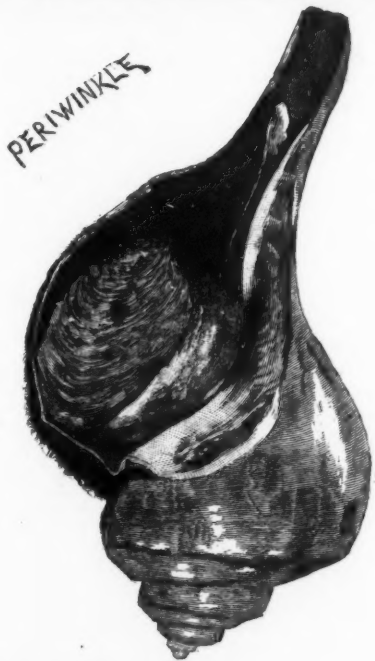
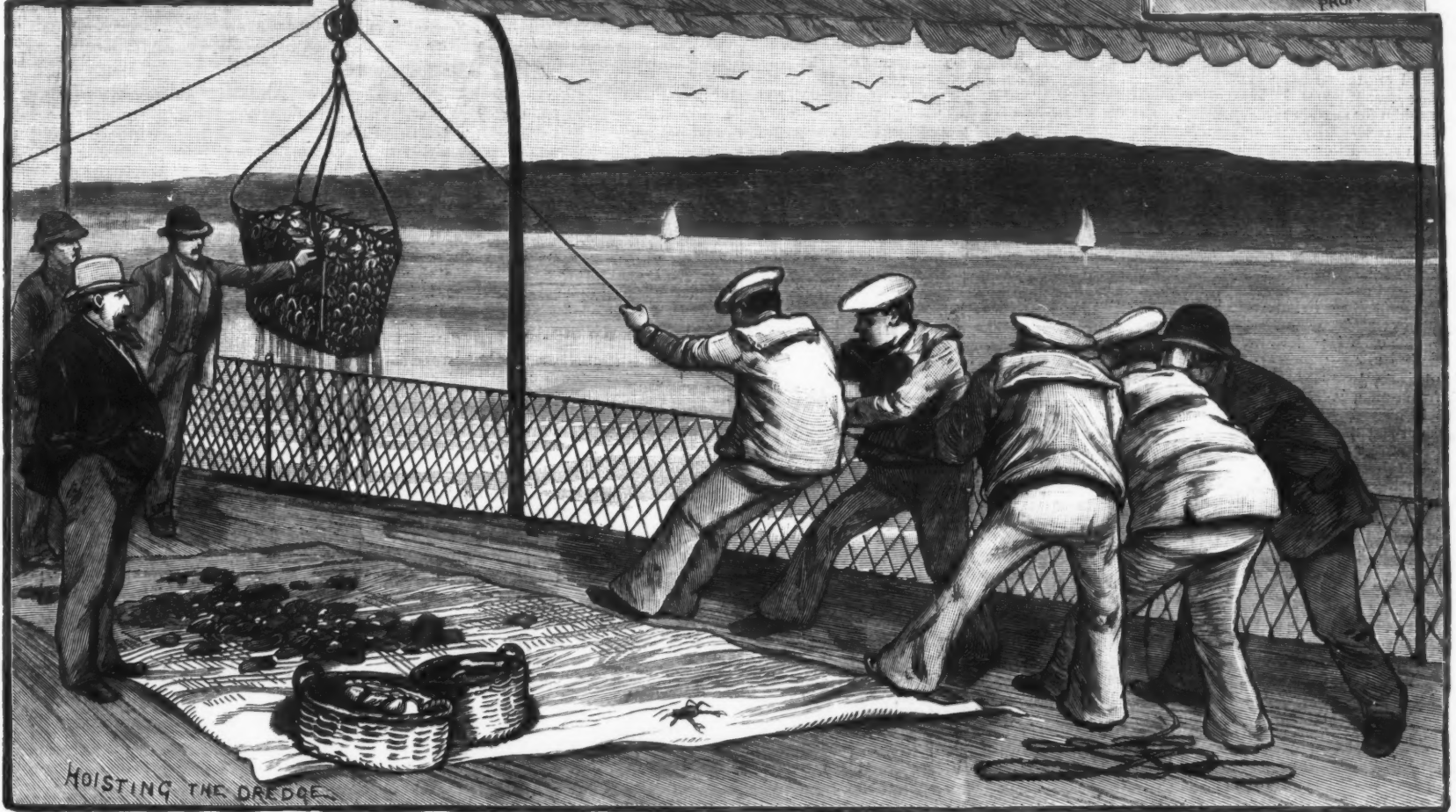
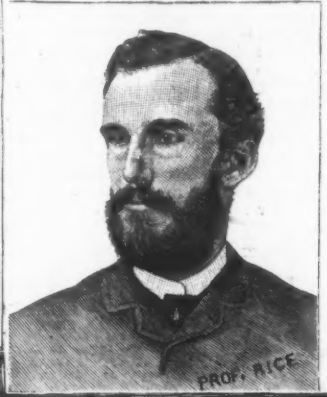
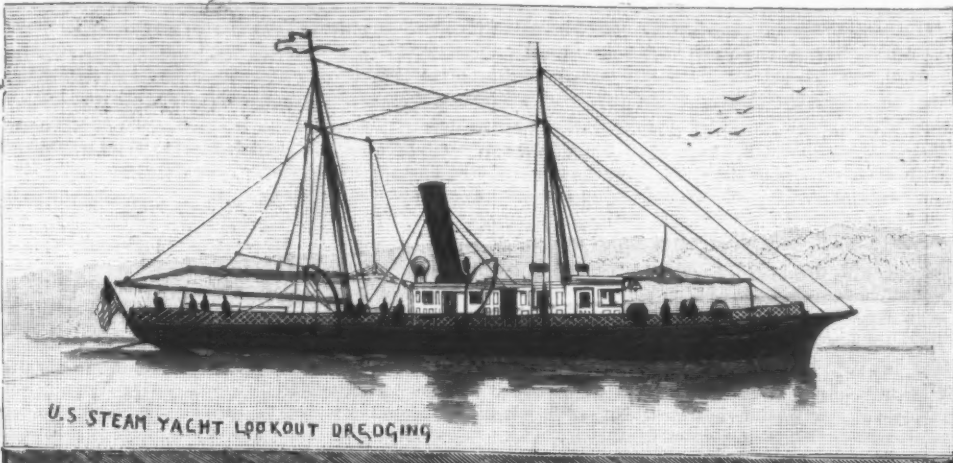
BALLOON construction has certainly taken a fresh impetus in this centenary year of aeronautics, and now another air-ship, capable, according to its inventor, of being steered in a given direction, is being planned, this time at St. Petersburg. Like the French invention recently tried at Mendon, the Russian balloon is cigar-shaped, while it is propelled by a screw and sails. The balloon, with all its appurtenances, will be 200 feet long and 80 feet high, and when manned by a crew of sixteen, and driven by a fifty horse-power engine, is expected to make 160 miles an hour.

A PORTUGUESE expedition is preparing to explore Southeastern Africa. It is probable that the party will proceed through the Congo country. In a recent address in London, Mr. Henry M. Stanley referred to the trade of the Congo country, and said that in cloths alone at two pence per yard the manufacturers of Manchester might realize £26,000,000 annually. He added: the way to secure this advantage was to urge upon the British Government the necessity of sending two cruisers to the mouth of the Congo River, pending the decision of the European Powers upon the Congo question.

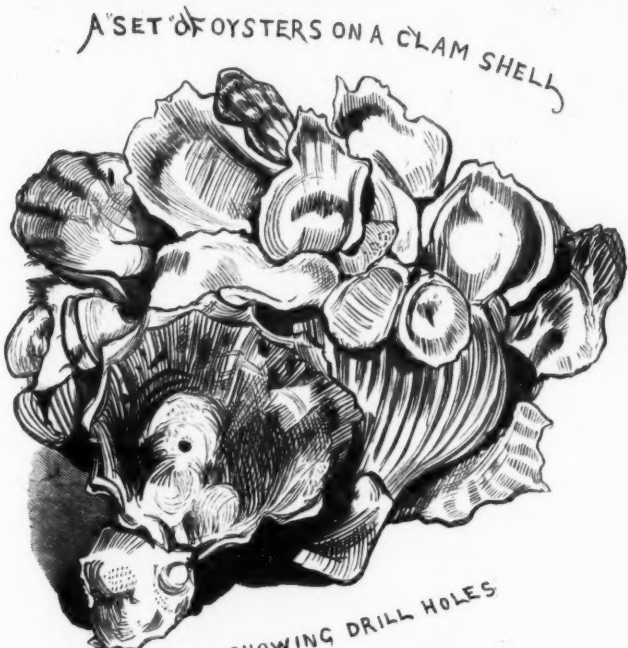
BRIGANDAGE around Rome has of late assumed such proportions that all tramps who fail to give a satisfactory account of themselves are now arrested and lodged in Rome pending inquiry. What renders brigand capture the more difficult in many localities is that the business of brigandism is followed by persons who are not always at it, but at times pursue rural occupations, and are apparently the most harmless of beings. The authorities continue to fail in their attempts to capture the brigand chief Tibuzzi, who operates in the neighborhood of Viterbo. For a long time the farmers and landowners tried to resist his incursions, but now they submit to his terms and pay blackmail to secure a quiet life.



NEW YORK.—GRAND OVATION TO GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN THE CITY OF BUFFALO, OCTOBER 2d.
SCENE ON MAIN STREET.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 123.



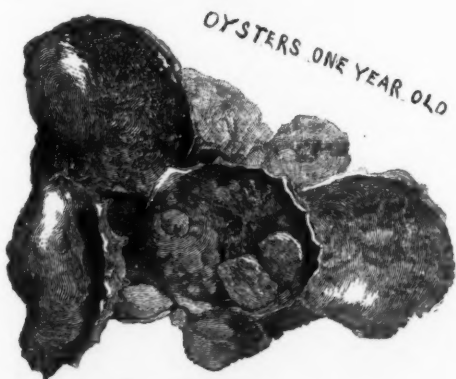
PERIWINKLE



A SET OF OYSTERS ON A CLAM SHELL



THE DRILL AT WORK

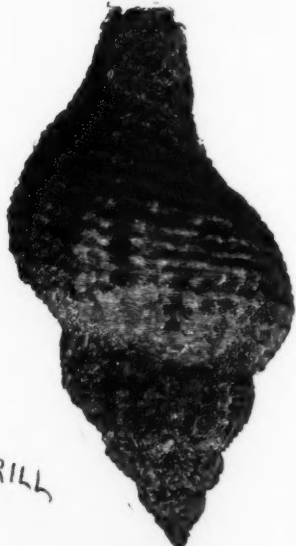


OYSTERS ONE YEAR OLD



OYSTER SHELL SHOWING DRILL HOLES

AN OYSTER'S HOME ON THE BACK OF A SPIDER CRAB



DRILL

NEW YORK.—THE PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION OF THE OYSTER—INVESTIGATIONS BY STATE COMMISSIONERS BLACKFORD AND RICE OF THE CAUSES OF THE DECREASE OF THE BIVALVE IN OUR WATERS.—SEE PAGE 122.

DOWN BY THE BEACH.

DOWN by the beach among the shells,
A care-free child and a Summer day,
The young face glows as each billow swells,
And both hands eagerly catch the spray.
Down by the beach on the shining sands,
What does the child care for but play?
See what she holds in her tiny hands—
A pearly shell that she throws away.

Down by the beach in the twilight gloom,
A woman fair and an Autumn day;
The years are gone, the woman has come—
The child, like the waves, has passed away.
Down by the beach, this man at her side,
She hears his words and the dancing spray;
And like the child in the eventide,
Tosses her toy, a heart, away.

NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.

THE LOVE AND LOVES
THAT JACK HAD.

BY PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER V.—JACK TRUMAN IS IN LUCK.

IF any one had told Paul Burlan that he was destined to give up his cherished purpose of finding out all about St. Aubyn, he would have taken him for anything but a prophet. The one who said it would have been right, however. Paul Burlan started to go down-town to business the next morning. There was some business to which it was necessary he should attend that morning, and after that he was going to put his plans regarding his sister's lover in operation. He rode down in a street car. He got off in a hurry, before the car had fairly stopped. The sidewalk was icy. He fell. And when a passer-by picked him up he could not stand—his leg was broken.

It was a terrible blow to him. He had counted on health and vigor to prosecute the inquiries he meant to make. What might not happen while he was unable to do anything? There were the private detective agencies, to be sure, but he shrank from calling in their aid. It would not be pleasant to have that to look back to, no matter how much or how little they might find out, if he failed in his attempt to keep Stella from the marriage she had determined upon. These were the thoughts in the mind of Paul Burlan as he lay on the icy stones; these were his thoughts as he was helped to his feet and assisted to a carriage. They were very bitter thoughts to think, very bitter; but they shut out the thought of the mere physical pain. Another man would have groaned; Paul groaned in his heart. Another man would have moaned for the present; Paul's sorrow was for the future. Another would have regretted his broken leg; Paul Burlan, generous and true always, shut his eyes in despair as he thought of what might be in his sister's broken life.

Good fortune and bad fortune are relative terms. We look at events from one side only, and a blessed thing it is for us that we must. Otherwise we should have men and women going mad with despair when fortune seemed to smile upon them, and the maimed and starved and persecuted dying of joy. It would have been a hopeless task to have tried to convince Mr. Paul Burlan that the luckiest thing that had ever happened to him was the breaking of his leg. But I hope that you, kind reader, will take my word that it was, with no other reason than the fact that Jack Truman was the passer-by who picked him up.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that it was a fortunate thing for Jack, too. It's one thing to promise to marry a woman, when moments are precious and death will not wait; when the free sky is above and the free air is about one; and whatever a man will, that he may do. It's quite another matter when one lives where the conventionalities count for something, and when it is a very serious question to determine how one shall find an opportunity to speak, even; it's the most serious when one has got entirely past the business-like coldbloodedness of an off-hand promise, and is really desperately in love and desperately in earnest, and Jack—

I won't say that. Perhaps it wouldn't be fair, even though he had her picture a half year and had seen her once.

Only I think that the matter was really most serious with poor Jack.

Well, Jack helped the injured man up, as I have said; helped him to a carriage, and rode home with him. It was a great surprise to our friend when the carriage stopped where it did. After that Jack would allow the servants to do but little; he carried Paul into the house all by himself, and did three times what Tom did in the task of getting him to his room.

The doctor came soon. The broken limb was set. The man was made as comfortable as a man with a fractured femur and broken plans can be, and there was nothing left for Jack to do but to go home.

So he found himself in the street in a remarkably dazed condition.

He believed he had asked permission to call again—to see the injured man, of course—but he wasn't quite sure. He believed he had understood that the injured man was only the brother of the woman whom he had promised to make his wife, and not her husband, as he had at first feared; but he wasn't sure enough of that to be certain just what direction his sorrow should take—sorrow that the man had broken his leg or regret that it wasn't his neck.

He went home to dream of a future that was as sweet as it was improbable. And, manlike, he saw all the sweetness and shut his eyes to the rest.

He had been under the same roof with this woman of all women. He had spoken with her, trivial things, no doubt; but words, blessed

words, face to face with the one who had been no more than a dream and a mystery four-and-twenty hours ago. He had touched her hand—by accident, to be sure, and across the bed of a suffering man—but he had something real and tangible now to think of and dream about. But there was still one haunting thought to break his rest and trouble his sleep, just as there always is, and Jack's thought was the doubt whether this woman had really looked at him at all.

Jack went the next day, and was in the sick man's room for a minute. The day after, he was there a quarter of an hour. After that he had every chance to win Stella Burlan that a man can ever have to win the sister of his friend.

There are men who have an air which inspires confidence—and confidences. You have met them, for they are not rarer than other good and admirable things. You tell them of the woman you loved, and lost; they listen to the dreams of your life's morning, which never came true; they smile their encouragement of the dreams you have now; you bring them the picture of your dead child, and tell them of her graces and her virtues. Jack was a man of this sort. His heart might suffer at the hands of womankind, but men loved him.

It was a strange sick room. Jack came and went as freely as Stella did, and he sang away the clouds from Paul's troubled brow as he had sung other clouds from another face with the mountains of Nevada listening for the echoes of his song. Paul throve under this treatment, but he could not forget Rupert St. Aubyn. And it worried him to know that St. Aubyn came to ask about him every evening, and that he remained longer than was necessary for the mere performance of that act of kindness and courtesy.

It was two weeks after the accident. Jack, freed for a time from his duties at the mill, had advanced from being a mere visitor to the position of friend and helper. He was in the Burlan mansion almost constantly now.

It was late at night. Paul was asleep. The wind outside, winter wind though it was, somehow reminded Jack of the wind that used to come tramping down the mountains to lurk and loiter around the home which Mark and he had once; so little awhile, as the months ran, so long a time ago, it seemed, when he thought of the dead man he left behind him, and the barrier that had shut him away from the old life for as long as he should have life at all. Jack was almost dozing; the winter night in the crowded city was almost June in the wilderness; Paul was almost Mark; the past was almost back again, to be lived over once more, with its dead alive and its errors blotted out and its sins forgiven; when Paul stirred wearily, and the pain that was more than physical stung him to wakeful life again. Jack was wide awake in a moment. The two men looked into each other's eyes. Thus for a moment.

Then Paul's hand reached out and closed firmly over one of Jack's.

"Do you love me?" he asked, with a cadence in his voice that was like the dear, dead voice in the mountain home.

Night brings strange fancies to the soul. But it is not years which bring men knowledge of each other. Brief as their acquaintance had been, Paul's question was thoughtful and serious, and honest.

And Jack met him in his own mood when he answered. It is true that he thought of the woman down-stairs. It is true that he felt a wistful longing to stand nearer her brother than another man might. He bravely put that all aside. Because Paul was Paul, not because he was Stella's brother, he gave his answer:

"I do!"

Paul's hand clasped his tighter.

"Lean nearer, dear friend," he said.

Jack bent over him.

"I am doing well, they say, and I suppose I am, but I have more than my broken leg to trouble me. The morning when I fell I was about to enter upon a very delicate undertaking. It is hard to speak about it, but I will try to be frank with you. You have seen Mr. St. Aubyn?"

Jack bowed. He could not trust himself to speak just then. He turned a little so that his face might be more in the shadow.

Paul continued.

"St. Aubyn gives a great deal of attention to my sister. He is not a man I like; I do not trust him; I believe he is false and mean and bad. I have said the substance of that to my sister. It was natural, perhaps, that she should defend him. But she did more. She said that if he asked her to do so she would marry him."

He paused, but Jack neither spoke nor moved.

"I think she cares for his attentions. I believe she admires his fine face, and his polished manners. I presume she appreciates the fortune he could place at her command. I do not doubt that she believes she loves him; I do not doubt that she loves an ideal, and that she thinks this man is the embodiment of that ideal. But I feel certain that if his life could be laid bare before her she would despise him."

He paused again, but Jack might have been a stone man for all the notice he took. His eyes blazed and glittered, but he was looking out at the stars and the night, not at Paul.

"And I've thought that if you would find him out; if you would find out how he gets his money, and where he spends it; what his real life is; what he thinks; what he—"

But Jack, a picture of stony calm yet, had turned a little towards him and shook his head.

The old sorrow, the sorrow which had gone out of Paul's eyes while he spoke, shone up in them again. He spoke gently and sadly:

"It is an evil work to do, I know, and I should not have asked another than you to do it. To follow a man in that way is degrading. But I love my sister, Jack. I should have done it, if I had not been bound down here."

Jack staggered to his feet, pale as death.

"Degrading, Paul! Do you think I would let that stand in the way of a service to you—or her? No, no, it is not that. You love your sister! I—I—oh, my God!"

And he burst into tears.

Paul was kind and gentle.

"If it is not that," he said, "tell me what it is that keeps you from doing me this service?"

"I cannot do this," said Jack—"I cannot do this, because—I have promised to marry your sister myself!"

Paul almost sprang out of bed, broken leg and all.

"Promised to marry Stella! What in the world do you mean?" he cried.

Jack hesitated and stammered for a moment; then his honesty and integrity triumphed. He sat down by Paul's bedside, took his hand in his, and while the night-wind rattled at their window and muttered uncanny things in the chimney, he told him his whole story.

He finished by placing the locket in his friend's hand.

Paul looked at it, his eyes growing larger and darker. He kissed the pictured face with a passionate tenderness. Then he laid it on his breast, and covered his face with his hands. Great sobs shook him, and Jack could see the tears welling out from between his fingers.

Jack could not understand it. Paul was nearly as great a mystery to him as Mark had been. Perhaps he was very dull, he humbly thought. He could not tell.

Paul raised his head again, and brushed away the tears. His face had changed; there was awe and resolve and much love in it.

"Do you love Stella?" he asked, his eyes fixed on Jack with a look like the one our hero had seen in Mark's eyes once.

"I do, with all my heart and soul."

"Then I say this: I've said once that she shall not marry Rupert St. Aubyn, I say that again. And to it I add this: Jack Truman, Stella Burlan shall marry you!"

CHAPTER VI.—BUNKER, OF NEVADA, MEETS SOME OLD FRIENDS.

WHEN Jack came out from the Burlan residence, the next morning, there was a man waiting for him just across the street. Jack had hunted far and near before he had found Stella Burlan, and then had succeeded only by—I had almost written accident, but the reader may supply the correct word for himself.

But Jack had been Eastern born and Eastern bred. He had not the quick eye and the sensitive ear of your true frontiersman. Perhaps Jim Bunker could follow a trail better than Jack could; possibly he knew more of the way the path led than Jack had. At any rate, he was waiting for Jack. He had been waiting for hours.

Jack looked up from his morning day-dream as some one crossed the street and fell into step beside him. The next instant he held out his hand with a pleased look of recognition.

"Jim Bunker!" he cried. "Who would ever have dreamed of seeing you here?"

"You act glad," said Bunker, suspiciously.

"I am glad," said Jack. "Do you think I have forgotten that you saved my life in June? Do you think that I am not happy to grasp your honest hand again?"

Jack reached for the hand, but Jim pretended not to notice it.

"Some men wouldn't be," he said, looking anywhere but at Jack, and seeming to take the clouds in the sky and the dome of the State House into his confidence; "but then there are men—and men," he concluded, laconically.

"Will you smoke?" asked Jack.

Bunker extended his hand and took the cigar without a word. He looked puzzled, but he began to appear pleased.

"I suppose you've got good friends in this fine house yonder?" jerking his thumb up towards his shoulder.

"Yes," said Jack.

"A sweetheart, perhaps?"

"I—I don't know. I sometimes hope so," blurted out Jack.

"Hum!" grunted Bunker, of Nevada. And the two men smoked in silence for a block. "Ever tell her of your ride down the mountain last June?" And Bunker laughed, a coarse and joyless laugh, and dug his thumb into Jack's ribs.

"Not yet," said Jack, without a change in his face or a shadow in his eye.

Bunker stopped short and stared at him.

"Not yet!" he gasped. "You don't mean to say that you'll ever—"

"Ever tell her? Why not?"

Bunker made no answer. There are occasions when even the picturesque profanity of the mines is utterly inadequate.

"By-the-way," said Jack, slowly, putting his hand into his pocket in a hesitating manner, "there is that horse of yours to be paid for. I don't mind saying that I am a little short of money just now, and if you would say what the animal was worth and let me pay half this morning, and the rest in a month or so, I'd—"

"I got the horse back, Jack," said Bunker, in a strangely changed voice, "and you owe me nothing. It is a satisfaction to know that for once I had the chance to do a good turn for a man like you. I like you, Jack, and—"

"Never mind that, Jim; you proved that when you helped me away in June."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so; only there is a selfish reason at the bottom of most everything which men do."

The two strange companions walked on in silence again.

Jack stopped at the door of a fine restaurant.

"Take breakfast with me, Bunker," he said, heartily.

Bunker glanced at Jack's clothes, and then at

his own. The latter had seen good service in the mines, to judge by appearances. Then he looked at Jack's frank and open face. He swore, good-naturedly, under his breath, and turned in at the door with Jack without a word.

Jack ordered such a breakfast as Jim had never dreamed of; to tell the truth, it was remarkably unlike Jack's own usual meal. He was not quite himself that morning; perhaps it was the meeting with a friend who had had something in common with him during his life of exile; perhaps it was what Paul Burlan had said to him.

"What'll you have to drink?" asked Jack, handing a wine-list to Bunker.

Bunker's eyes sparkled, but he hesitated before he answered.

"What shall you have, Jack?" he asked.

"Oh, I drink nothing stronger than coffee. You must remember that that was my habit when I was a miner. But you—"

"I'll take coffee, then, myself, and nothing stronger, I thank you." The tone was one of sad resignation, but there was determination behind it; Bunker drank no liquor with his breakfast.

"You've changed a great deal since I saw you last. Your beard is gone; your hair is trimmed; your clothes are neat. I should scarcely have known you if I hadn't been watching for you. You see I wanted to have a talk with you, and so I waited until you came out. I knew it was you when you came out, but more because I knew you were in that house than for any other reason."

"How did you know I was there?"

Bunker took a sudden deep interest in something on his plate, and ignored the question entirely.

"Haven't you any questions to ask about the fellows out at Whoop 'Er Up?" he asked.

Jack smiled at the mention of the rough and uncouth name that had been used to designate their mining camp. He humored the questioner.

"Tell me all the news," he said.

Bunker shook his head sadly.

"Times have changed," he said, in a dismal tone, "and changed for the worse. We have a new name now. I can't get used to such a weak word as Dellville after years of 'Whoop 'Er Up!' and I never shall. Then we've got a preacher there, and a meeting-house. The week before I left they broke up French Mance's gambling den, and I've heard since I came away that a murderer had a trial by jury. Times have changed."

And Bunker shook his head again.

"Well, how do you like Boston?"

"Not much. 'Twould have been a lucky thing if the fire of a year ago had taken the whole. I can't get a full breath here. But it must have been a pretty bit of country when God first made it, before men spoiled it with the great ugly houses."

They took plenty of time for breakfast. They talked and ate, ate and talked. But at last they rose, regretfully, and went out into the street again.

"There's strange news from Whoop 'Er Up," said Bunker, at parting, "but I guess it will keep. To-morrow I'll come and tell you. I've got to hunt up another old friend this morning, and I don't expect he'll ask me to dinner, nor be half glad to see me. He really owes me for a horse—or something else—you see, and I don't believe he has a good disposition."

The two men stopped and shook hands in the street.

"I'll tell you some news to-morrow, Jack," were Bunker's parting words. Then he walked down the street, with a puzzled face, saying over and over to himself something that sounded a little like "I'll be blessed," but which wasn't exactly that.

Jack watched him as he walked briskly away in the winter sunshine; watched him as he mingled more and more with the crowd that day was drawing into the street; watched him out of sight. He never saw him again!

(To be continued.)

THE ENEMIES OF THE OYSTER.

THE interest which has been manifested during the past few years by certain of the States of our Atlantic seaboard in the preservation and care of the oyster beds of their respective waters—due to the threatened extinction in certain localities of this delicious bivalve and the consequent disintegration of an important industry—has at last induced action upon the part of the State of New York in the direction of protection for its extensive and valuable oyster territory. The Legislature of the State, at its session last Winter, thanks to the interest and exertions of General S. M. Johnson, member from Westchester County, appropriated the sum of \$5,000 for the purpose of making an investigation as to the cause of the decrease of oysters in diverse waters of the State, as to the enemies of the oyster and the best methods of destroying them, and as to the best methods of increasing the supply of this edible mollusk.

The investigation was placed in charge of Mr. E. G. Blackford, the noted fish-dealer of Fulton Market, in this city, and one of the Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the State. Mr. Blackford was appointed a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries by Governor Robinson in 1879, and the great interest which he has taken in everything pertaining to the propagation of the salt-water species of both fish and mollusk, and especially to the stocking of the waters of Long Island and its immediate vicinity with food products led to his appointment to take charge of the oyster investigation. He has appointed as his assistants in the investigation Professor H. J. Rice, who has been more or less actively interested in work regarding the propagation and protection of the oyster since 1878, when he began a series of experiments in conjunction with Dr. W. K. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins University, as to the possibility and practicability of artificial oyster cultivation, and accompanied one of the United States Coast Survey parties in an investigation of the oyster beds of Pocomoke and Tangiers Sounds in Chesapeake Bay. He was the first to note, after very extensive examinations, that the American oyster is distinctly bi-sexual and the first to arrange an apparatus,

with a free circulation of water, in which young oysters could be retained successfully during their free-swimming stage. He has been stationed for the greater portion of the time since the middle of July at the State Hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., in obtaining statistics and constructing ponds—after his own plans—for the artificial production of the oyster. No great degree of success, however, is anticipated this year, as the spawning season for oysters was nearly over when the Bill was signed by Governor Cleveland and the work at Cold Spring Harbor was begun. Professor Rice also has charge of the Fulton Market Biological Laboratory, which has been fitted up at the personal expense of Commissioner Blackford, and where for nearly two years past the Professor has been engaged in researches as to the food of the various fishes which are brought into the market. It is expected that he will visit, in the course of the present investigation, diverse portions of the island, and obtain as complete data as he can in regard to the oyster beds and the present condition of the oyster industry.

As preliminary data, a list of 156 questions has been made out and copies sent to all persons whose names could be obtained, who are engaged in oyster work within the limits of the State. It is believed that from the answers to these questions, and the investigations of Professor Rice, ample materials for an excellent and careful report may be secured. As an accessory in the investigation, Commissioner Blackford has been able to secure, through the kindness and courtesy of Professor S. F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the use during the past two weeks of the United States Fish Commission steamer, the *Lookout*, Captain Smith commanding, for the purpose of visiting the beds, particularly in the neighborhood of New York, and securing specimens of the oysters from the beds, both natural and planted, and also, so far as possible, of specimens of the various enemies of the oyster. The work with the steamer has been very satisfactory, nine or ten localities having been visited, among which are City Island, Perth Amboy, Princess Bay, Spuyten Duyvel Creek, Rye Beach, Manhasset Bay, and Cold Spring and Northport Harbor. Our artist was present on the occasion of the visit to the last-named locality, and besides being highly entertained by the peculiar accessories of this kind of investigation, secured a number of sketches, and various specimens, illustrative of oyster work and oyster woe, the results being given to our readers this week on page 121.

The important enemies of the oyster are the drill, the starfish and the whelk, and some claim that the spider-crab is also an enemy. The drill bores a hole through one of the valves of the shell near the centre of the oyster and sucks out the juicy animal. Just how the starfish, whelp and spider-crab perform the work of destruction is a question which Professor Rice is now trying to solve, as different methods of working are stated by different individuals. The relative destruction caused by these various animals depends upon the season and locality. The drill is much more destructive to the young than to the old oysters, and is found upon the beds nearly if not quite the entire season. The same may be said for the whelk, with the exception that whelks, as a rule, are not so abundant as drills, although they can undoubtedly destroy larger oysters than can the drill. The starfish is not found as constantly in any one locality as are the others. Indeed, in some localities, the five-fingers, as they are commonly called, are apparently entirely absent for season after season, when they will come in in immense hordes, rolling in, as is claimed, like great balls, and finally spreading out over the beds, commit sad havoc, and devastate in a day or two what before were extensive and valuable beds.

RECEPTION TO GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO.

THE visit of Governor Cleveland to his old home in the City of Buffalo, on the 2d instant, was made the occasion on the part of his admirers of a demonstration which was at once significant and remarkable. The Governor left Albany in a special train, accompanied by a few friends, shortly after noon, reaching Buffalo at a quarter past eight. At Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Batavia, and other points en route, he was welcomed by crowds of friends, who saluted him with peal upon peal of cheers. At Batavia three carloads of representative citizens of Buffalo met the Governor's party and accompanied it to the journey's end. At Buffalo the reception was in the last degree enthusiastic. The Governor was placed in a carriage drawn by six white horses, being followed in others by about 100 Democrats. Then the escort, which had awaited his coming, moved, the line of march being up Main Street from the depot and along other streets, a distance of four miles. The scene was one of great brilliancy. Stores and houses were illuminated as never before in the history of Buffalo. Chinese lanterns hung from windows and roofs, while immense garlands of the same were swung across the streets. On Main Street the many Cleveland and Hendricks banners were fantastically hung with lanterns and transparencies. Red and other bright-colored lights and Roman candles were profusely burned. From Exchange Street to High Street, a distance of over three miles, every store was more or less decorated with lanterns. Down Genesee Street for nearly a mile, West Genesee Street to the Niagara Square a mile in length, Batavia Street for over a mile, and many intermediate streets leading to and from Main, Genesee, Niagara and Batavia were one blaze of light.

Fully 18,000 men, irrespective of bands, took part in the procession. The appearance of the Governor in his chariot, with an honorary guard composed of sixteen members of the Cleveland Phalanx, was the signal for cheers loud and long. The Governor stood up in the rain, and, with bowed head, bowed his acknowledgments. Arrived at the Genesee House, his carriage halted for a moment and then proceeded in the line of march to the end. The procession was fully eight miles in length.

The Governor reached the Genesee House at eleven o'clock and spent half an hour with some friends in the parlors provided for him. A table was spread and the room was filled with flowers, many of the pieces bearing the cards of Buffalo ladies. Subsequently he made a brief address to the multitude, in the course of which he said: "What I have seen and heard to-night has touched me deeply. It tells me that my neighbors are still my friends, and assures me that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my efforts to deserve their confidence and attachment. In years to come I shall deem myself not far wrong if I still retain their good opinion, and if surrounding cares and perplexities bring but anxiety and vexation I shall find solace and comfort in the memory of the days spent here and in recalling the kindness of my Buffalo friends."

Tens of thousands of visitors from other parts of the State were present in the city as spectators of the grand parade and illumination, the larger proportion of whom were transported by the popular New York and Erie road and its branches.

VICISSITUDES OF MINING LIFE.

THE life of the gold prospector is hard as the quartz in which the "yellow life blood" is concealed. Starvation ever grimly stares him in the face. Cold in its most piercing form assails him in the rocky cañon, and the yell of the Indian on the night wind bears menace of death by torture. Yet men there are to be found who, in their thirst for gold, face these dangers with alacrity, and go out prospecting as if on a pleasure trip. True, they are armed to the teeth, and each one carries his life in his hand, but the dazzle of gold is before the mental vision, and its glamour, like that of love, dominates to the sometimes bitter end. Our illustration depicts the ghastly fate of a party of gold-seekers in the hideous desolation of a gaunt sierra. For months they wandered in the endless and lifeless valleys, prospecting for gold, hope luring them on step by step to certain destruction. By degrees the supply of food became exhausted. The inhospitable regions refused so much as a root or herb. Of animal life there was none. Worn out, exhausted, starved, despairing, the little band sought sanctuary in a *cave de sac*, where at least their scalps would be safe from the merciless tomahawk of the red man. One by one they died, visions of gold, like the mirage in the desert, cruelly mocking them to their last glimpses of earth. When discovered, they had been dead for weeks. Beside one of them was a loaded revolver, a pocketbook (and, cruel irony of destiny, full of gold!) and some torn letters. Around lay the bodies of his companions in those contorted positions bespeaking terrible death-agony. Overhead towered the gray cold rock thousands of feet sheer to the blue sky, a ray of sunlight like a golden thread piercing the cañon where strong men, with the thirst of gold upon them to the last, had lain down to rise never more.

THE TOWN OF PITKIN.

THE town of Pitkin, in Gunnison County, Col., lies among the lofty altitudes of the Elk Mountains, and is an admirable type of the average mining town of that wild and affluent region. It has a population of some 2,000, and owes its growth and prosperity entirely to the mining industries which have been developed within the last two or three years. In point of situation, it is especially attractive even among Colorado towns, scores of which are like fairy pictures in the most majestic of settings.

STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD.

WE give on page 125 an illustration of the bronze statue of John Harvard, which has been presented to Harvard University, named in his honor, by Mr. Samuel J. Bridge, of Boston. The statue is the work of Daniel Chester French, of Concord, Mass., and was cast by the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company, of New York City. It is of heroic size, and of necessity ideal, the subject having been in America only a year when he died. It represents a young man of tall stature and rather slender build. The head is a noble one. The features are clear-cut and indicate refinement as well as strength of intellect. A large open book rests upon the right knee. The right hand is placed on the open page while the man seems deep in meditation. The garb is that of a scholar of the seventeenth century and harmonizes well with face and figure. The statue will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on October 28th. It will be placed in front of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Mass., and will rest on a pedestal of granite six feet high. On the sides of the base will be represented the seals of Harvard and of Emmanuel College, Oxford. Of the latter John Harvard was a fellow, though he was graduated from Cambridge University. He was a nonconformist minister who left England in 1637, and settled in Charleston, Mass. Dying a year later, he willed his library of three hundred volumes and half of his property, amounting to \$4,000, to a seat of learning for which a small provision had been made by the colony of Massachusetts Bay. His bequest enabled those in authority to open the University which has since been called Harvard.

KRUPP'S GREAT IRON WORKS AT ESSEN.

THE great iron and cannon founding establishment of Herr Krupp at Essen is constantly enlarging its space and personnel. In 1860 it contained but 1,764 workmen, and this number had increased by 1870 to 7,084, while at the present time it is over 20,000; if also the women and children dependent on the establishment are included, a population of no less than 65,381 is gathered together, of which 29,000 persons are actually living in houses belonging to the works.

The various departments of the Krupp undertaking are eight in number, and embrace the workshops at Essen, three collieries at Essen and Bochum, 548 iron mines in Germany, mines in the north of Spain (in the neighborhood of Bilbao), the smelting furnaces, a trial-ground of seventeen kilometres at Meppen for proving cannon, together with others at different places within an area of seven and one-half kilometres. There are eleven smelting furnaces, 1,542 puddling and heating furnaces, 439 steam boilers, and 450 steam-engines of 185,000 horse-power. At Essen alone the works connected with rolling-stock comprise fifty-nine kilometres of rails, twenty-eight locomotives, 883 wagons, sixty-nine horses, 181 trolleys, sixty-five kilometres of telegraph line, thirty-five telegraphic stations, and fifty-five Morse apparatus.

GREENLAND VEGETABLES.

IN Greenland attempts have been made to raise some of the common plants of European gardens. At the Danish station of Godthaab (latitude sixty-four degrees), close to the open sea, turnips, radishes, lettuce, and parsley are almost the only plants that can be cultivated with any success. The turnip, indeed, requires a favorable summer to produce anything like tolerable specimens. The cabbages are scarcely worthy of the name; but at two inland stations up the Fjord, about thirty miles north of Godthaab, the climate is strikingly different. Here, Dr. Bink informs us, turnips always come to perfection, carrots prosper well, and attain a fair size, and cabbages, though

unable to develop thick stalks, yet produce tolerably large leaves, which the provident Danes stow away for winter use. Attempts have been made to cultivate potatoes, but the tubers never attain a size larger than marbles, and are only grown and eaten as curiosities. Under the most favorable circumstances green peas only produce shells in which the peas are barely recognizable. This is within the Arctic circle, or at least on its immediate borders. In South Greenland—the site of the old Norsemen's settlements—horticulture is practiced under more favorable circumstances. At some of the posts, in about the same latitudes as Christiania, good carrots have been produced, and in a forcing-frame, strawberries have grown well and yielded fruit for several years, but they afterward died, owing probably to the severity of the climate. At Julianshaab turnips often attain a weight of more than half a pound, and are fit for table in the middle of July. Radishes are fit to be eaten in the middle of June. Rhubarb grows pretty vigorously, and can be raised from seeds. Green cabbage attains a good size, but never the normal taste and pungency of the vegetable. At Jacobshaven, in sixty-nine degrees thirteen minutes, a few radishes have been raised, and the locality being sheltered, the tiny patch of earth on the rocks, which in that remote place passed for a garden, produced "crops" almost as luxuriant as Godthaab in the south.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGISTS in the interest of humanity are advised to dip the pins with which they pierce insects, into prussic acid, so as to cause instant death.

A GIGANTIC earthworm has just been sent from the Cape Colony, Africa, to the Royal Zoological Society of England. It is six feet five inches in length, and thick accordingly.

THE latest discoveries render insulation so perfect that to-day there is less loss of electrical force between the United States and England than there was formerly between New York and Brooklyn.

SOLUTIONS of chloral should be kept in dark glass bottles. Sunlight decomposes it into chloroform. The change is not easily perceived, and has caused a number of accidents in the past five years.

SKELTON coral is produced by steeping ordinary coral in dilute muriatic acid for a long time. The lime is dissolved, and a delicate framework of silica left. Some of these skeletons are so delicate that they break in drying. All should be kept under glass.

THE poisonous properties of stockings dyed with the brilliant aniline dyes are rendered harmless by dipping the articles in a bath of rubber dissolved in naphtha, or some other re-agent. Subsequent evaporation covers each fibre with a thin film of rubber, and so prevents the transfer of the coloring material from the goods to the skin.

A FRENCH scientist has made a report contradicting previous theories in regard to the healthfulness of bread made from whole wheat. The scientist in question is M. Girard, a chemist of high standing, who has recently been employed with others by the French Government in a series of painstaking experiments upon wheat, flour, bran and other products of the mill.

TO FREE canaries and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practiced it for years: Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered over with a white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth, where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at day-break. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect-powders will no doubt kill parasites, but the birds as well.

ACCORDING to the *Japan Weekly Mail*, the meteorological system of Japan now comprises twenty-three observatories in the most important places throughout the country. Reports are sent from each district to the central observatory in Tokio three times a day, and are there thrown into suitable form for publication by the leading journals in the capital and the open ports. To a German, Dr. E. Knipping, belongs the credit of elaborating and perfecting the whole system. In China, the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce has also assisted Pere Dechevrens in his meteorological work by making him an annual grant of about £300.

A SIMPLE apparatus for "measuring sunshine," shown in the grounds of the London Health Exhibition, and explained to numbers of the visitors, is as easy to understand as the thermometer. It consists simply of a strip of prepared card fixed under and in the focus of a globe of glass about three inches in diameter. The globe is placed in the open air, and the moment the sunlight falls upon it its rays are concentrated by the globe, which, acting like a burning-glass, incinerates or chars the paper so as to trace a black line, the length of which shows accurately how many hours or parts of an hour there has been bright sunshine.

A PAPER on Apatite was the subject of a discussion at the British Association meeting at Montreal. Apatite is a mineral of considerable economic value as a source of phosphoric acid and phosphorus, and has been sought after in the United States as a useful constituent of fertilizers, from the amount of phosphate of lime which it contains. Of late years, however, the extensive development of the South Carolina phosphate and marl trade has diminished the inquiry for apatite. It is more plentiful in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec than it is in the United States, Canada having shipped to Europe in 1882 over 17,000 tons, in addition to 5,000 tons sent to the New Jersey State Agricultural Experiment Station.

ACCORDING to the *Lancet*, "Brain tension is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. The knit brow, straining eyes and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The intellectual man, with a strong mind, does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a growing brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort that we have come to associate effort with work, and to regard tension as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should ever knit his brow as he thinks, or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in a jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEORGE SWAN NOTTAGE, Esq., has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

HENRY IRVING, Miss Terry, and the entire Lyceum company, numbering over sixty persons, arrived in Quebec last week.

EX-SENATOR DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, has declared for Blaine and Logan. He will not, however, take any active part in the campaign.

It is now announced in the London papers that Rubinstein, the pianist, will make another visit to America next Spring and give twenty concerts here.

THE forthcoming biography of Sydney Smith is the result of several years of close work. It contains sixty or seventy letters and several sets of witty and caustic verses.

GENERAL BUTLER'S eccentricities are generally well known to the average newspaper reader, but few people are aware that, among his prejudices, is one against traveling in the daytime. "Give me a choice," he remarked, recently, to a hotel clerk, "between riding by daylight and eating green apples, and I will take the apples."

THE report that Bishop Potter, of Nebraska, whipped two cowboys soon after his arrival upon the field of his ecclesiastical labors is confirmed in a letter to a friend in Troy, where he once held a pastorate. The cowboys were guarding a thief who was to be lynched, and the Bishop, after trying persuasiveness in vain, liberated the fellow by force.

THE story is told by the Rev. Dr. Prime that in Albany, the subject of signing petitions being under remark, a man bet that he could get the signatures of ten highly respectable residents to a paper asking Governor Dix to hang one of the leading clergymen. He won without difficulty, as not one of the signers insisted on reading the document.

THE heroism of King Humbert in going through the cholera-infested slums of Naples to devise and execute means to stay the pestilence has won encomiums from many sources. The latest proposal for a national expression of gratitude is that the whole Italian army shall subscribe for a sword of honor to be presented to the King in commemoration of his victory over an invisible but terrible foe.

PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, has accepted the Republican nomination as one of the Electors-at-Large in Massachusetts, and in his letter of acceptance says: "Believing that the great interests of the country will be best promoted by the success of the Republican ticket, I shall, if elected, be pleased to perform the duty that will then be incumbent upon me by voting for that ticket."

SENATOR MORRELL, of Vermont, is now seventy-four years of age, says the *Troy Times*, the oldest member of the Senate, but a much younger-looking man than Senator Edmunds, who is his junior by some eighteen years. The State of Vermont now furnishes the oldest Senator in years and the oldest in term of office, and is the only State that holds its united representation in the Senate of eighteen years ago.

MR. RICHARD BURDELL, of New York City, has distinguished himself by choosing to take up his abode on a fast railroad train. He is a regular traveler on the limited express between New York and Chicago. He has an income of \$80,000 a year, and is too restless to stay in a hotel. He is entirely able and willing to bear the expense of \$35 a day that it costs him to live on a Pullman car for the sake of the soothing effect of traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

MISS CARRIE J. WELTON, a wealthy lady of Waterbury, Conn., perished after making the ascent of Long's Peak, Colorado, on the 23d ultimo. Long's Peak has an altitude of 14,436 feet, and is one of the highest mountains in Colorado, and one of the most difficult of ascent. After reaching the summit, accompanied by a single guide, she started to return, but was caught in a blinding snow-storm. The guide left her, and hastened down the mountain. When he returned with help the unfortunate lady was found frozen to death.

THE statue to Bach, the composer, was unveiled at Eisenach on the 29th ultimo. Among those present were Liszt, Villiers, Stanford and Joachim. The crowd which witnessed the ceremony was dotted with other distinguished musicians, and members of the royal family lent the unusual honor of their presence. The sculptor Dondorf received an ovation from the multitude, and his work was declared by the concurrence of art critics to be one of the finest statues ever raised in the German Empire. Joachim led the orchestra, which rendered Bach's Mass in B minor.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN has formally accepted the Prohibition nomination for President in a letter which argues that old issues should be subordinated to that of temperance. "We want," he says, "an honest, sober people, but we can never have an honest, sober people so long as the Government sanctions that which makes its citizens dishonest, drunken and corrupt. The declaration of principles, which I heartily endorse, as set forth in the platform of the Prohibition Party, is entitled to the thoughtful consideration and earnest support of all good citizens, without regard to locality or former political affiliation."

AMONG the distinguished electricians lately in Philadelphia was Ludwig Deinhard, of Munich, Bavaria. He said to a reporter who called on him: "I must tell you what happened to me the other day, when I went to visit the tomb of Franklin, in the churchyard at Fifth and Arch. I meant to make a little sketch of the tomb, but the gate was locked and in very poor condition. At such a time as this, when so great a congress of electrical scientists are gathered from all quarters of the globe, it seems strange to me that the only attempts at floral decoration to be seen were two scrubby little plants, overgrown with weeds, in cracked flower-pots."

A MOVEMENT is already on foot in Baltimore to erect a monument to the late John W. Garrett through private subscriptions. In speaking of this the *Baltimore American* says: "Mr. Garrett was a citizen of Baltimore—one who loved his city, and who, with wonderful success, devoted all his best energies for the furtherance of her interests, dying while completing the self-imposed task." Mr. Garrett's will directs that \$100,000 shall be invested so as to produce \$6,000 annually, to be expended by the Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. For objects of benevolence and educational purposes \$50,000 a year are to be expended out of the estate. Estimates of Mr. Garrett's wealth range all the way from \$5,000,000 to \$30,000,000.



NEW MEXICO.—VICISSITUDES AND PERILS OF THE GOLD PROSPECTOR'S LIFE—A GHASTLY TABLEAU IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS.—SEE PAGE 123.



NEW YORK.—HUGH J. GRANT, TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.
PHOTO. BY THOMAS.

MR. HUGH J. GRANT,

TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

THE Tammany Hall Democracy are evidently determined that the question of their supremacy among the several party organizations in the metropolis shall be finally and conclusively settled. With that view, ignoring entirely the Irving Hall and County Democracy, they last week nominated a straight ticket for the municipal offices as follows: For Mayor, Hugh J. Grant; Comptroller, Philip H. Dugro; President of the Board of Aldermen, John Cochrane; District-attorney, George H. Forster; Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Richard L. Larremore, Joseph F. Daly, Hugh L. Cole; Coroner, M. J. B. Messemmer.

Mr. Grant, the nominee for Mayor, is probably the youngest man ever named for that position. He was born in this city in 1853, of Irish parents, and after attending public schools, entered St. Francis Xavier College, finishing his education at Columbia Law School. In the pursuit of his profession he gave especial attention to real estate cases, soon acquiring a lucrative practice. This, however, he abandoned on the death of his father, in order to take charge of the large real estate business which the latter had built up. In 1882 he was elected Alderman from the Nineteenth District, and last year was re-elected by a good majority. He is at present Chairman of the Finance Committee, and as such, a member of the Sinking Fund Commission. His course in the Board of Aldermen has been such throughout as to commend the approval of men of all parties. He has been conspicuous as the opponent of the scheme to surrender Broadway to the railroad monopolists

who covet its possession, while on other questions of importance to the taxpayers his course has been uniformly praiseworthy. There can be no doubt that, as Mayor of the city, he would endeavor to discharge every public duty with reference to the best interests of our whole population.

JUDGE M. J. McCAFFERTY.

M. J. McCAFFERTY, the nominee of the Butler or People's Party for Governor of Massachusetts, is a resident of Worcester, where he is very popular. He has been an Alderman of that



MASSACHUSETTS.—M. J. McCAFFERTY, BUTLER CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY NOTMAN & SON.

city, and a representative in the State Legislature. He was appointed by Governor Butler as Judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, which position he now holds. He is of Irish descent, and it is believed that he will draw very many voters of that nationality from the Democratic candidate, and greatly strengthen the Butler Presidential movement.

CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM, R.N.

WE give on this page a portrait of this distinguished naval officer, who is now on a visit to this country. Captain Bedford Pim, in spite of a service-record full of hardships and dangers, not only before the enemy, but north, south, east and west, is still hale, hearty and vigorous, far more than his age, fifty-eight years, would lead one to expect. He was born in Devon-

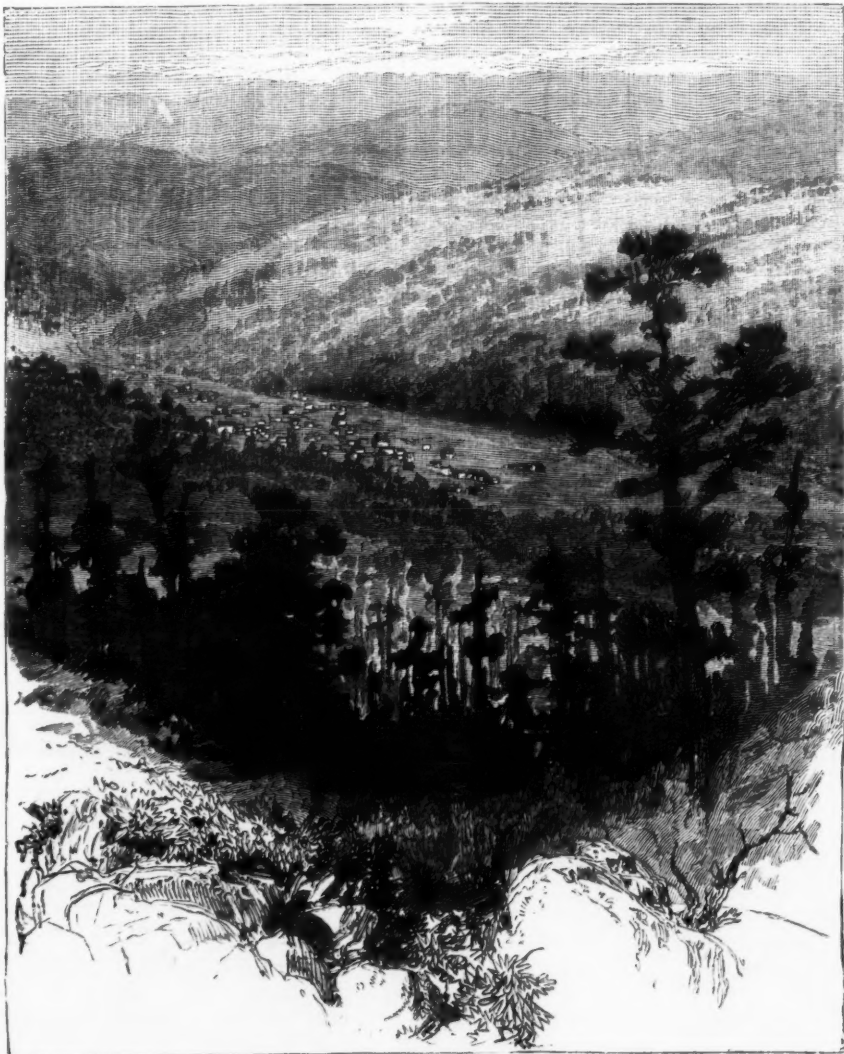


GREAT BRITAIN.—CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM, R. N.
PHOTO. BY NOTMAN & SON.

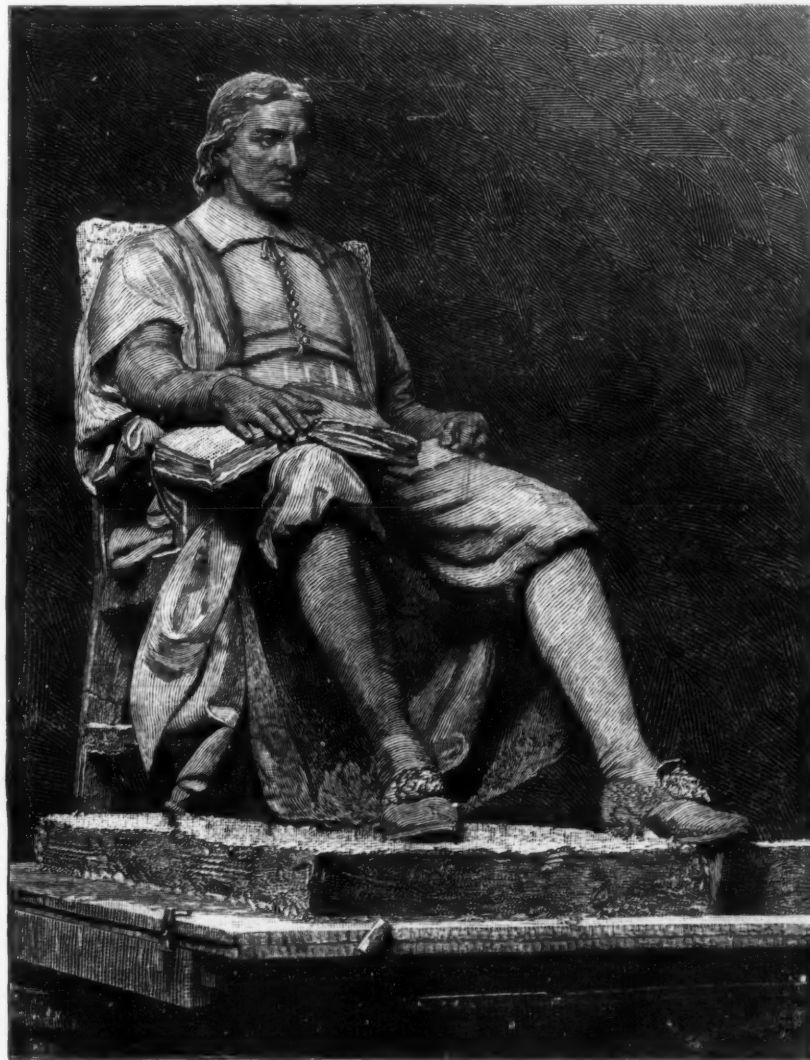
shire, England, on the 12th of June, 1826, and comes of a stock which has for generations done good service to the state. His father, for instance, fought in no less than eleven engagements, ultimately dying on the coast of Africa in command, covered with honors. Our space will not permit us to rehearse in detail the story of Captain Pim's achievements as a seaman and explorer; we can only refer to the work which he has more recently commenced so auspiciously and which promises such satisfactory results.

Captain Pim's ardent desire is to knit in very much closer relationship than at present the English-speaking races of the world, and especially America and England. As a means to this end, he originated and carried out to a strikingly successful issue the problem of the British Association Meeting in Canada. He succeeded in his purpose, against great opposition and some ridicule, and the visit of more than eight hundred Englishmen and women to Montreal last August must have been to him peculiarly satisfactory. Of this number of visitors more than three hundred attended the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia, some of them becoming, like Captain Pim, life-members. Before leaving Philadelphia, he succeeded in making the preliminary arrangements necessary to the visit which he proposed of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to London in 1886.

According to the public press, Captain Pim seems to have made quite a favorable impression on our people. At Philadelphia he was not simply known for his connection with the British Association, but as the gallant naval officer who, seventeen years ago, as the



COLORADO.—THE MINING TOWN OF PITKIN.
SEE PAGE 123.



MASSACHUSETTS.—BRONZE STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD, TO BE ERECTED AT CAMBRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 123.

journals of the day then said, "made himself conspicuous by saving life" from the wrecked *Santiago de Cuba*, near Atlantic City, and more recently by his warm and cordial recognition, as the oldest Arctic navigator, of the youngest, Lieutenant Greely, who has just succeeded in placing the American flag nearer the North Pole than any other. Lieutenant Greely was, for some time, the guest of Captain Pim, at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. It was the Captain who arranged the complimentary banquet, of which the newspapers gave full accounts at the time. The public are no doubt familiar with this gentleman's speeches on "Compulsory Pilotage," and on the commerce of South and Central America, delivered at the end of last month in New York. With respect to the latter subject, Captain Pim, as is well known, has devoted the best years of his life to the Nicaraguan route, and is now actively engaged with influential gentlemen of this country in bringing together the threads of this most important international problem with, so far as can be at present ascertained, every prospect of success.

A GLIMPSE OF KING HUMBERT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Detroit Free Press* gives the following description of the King of Italy, as he appears driving through the streets of Rome: "As the carriage drew up in front of the hotel, which is diagonally opposite the Barberina Palace, and before any of us got out, the coachman pointed up the hill that passes the Barberina Palace, and said: 'De King, he come.' Then he made the same remark in Italian, which was generally better understood than his English.

"Down the steep cobble-stone hill came four coal-black horses. They were the most fiery animals I ever saw, and most of the time a couple of them were on their hind feet, pawing the air with their front legs. The vehicle was a wagon with high seats and of very strong workmanship, but highly finished and polished. The King was the driver, and he sat on a seat that was slightly above those occupied by his three companions. His sturdy legs were firmly braced against the bottom of the strong dashboard, and he held those four wild horses with his left hand, while with his right he frequently raised his hat to his cheering subjects. Any man who could manage with such ease, by one hand, four such horses, that were evidently mad for a runaway, had no little nerve and muscle. The King was dressed in a dark suit that differed in no particular from the costume of any other well-dressed gentleman. The hat he raised was an ordinary \$2.50 plug, and when he took it off he showed a bullet-head as closely cropped as if he had just got out of State Prison. 'Each particular hair'—what there was of it—stood on ends like quills of the fretful porcupine. His face was one of great firmness, and there was little in its lines to show that he would risk his life freely for his fellow-men in the slums of Naples—the vilest spot on earth, as far as my observation goes. His huge mustache, which swept from each side of his face like the wings of a bird, gave a fierce military air to his appearance. He seemed to me a man who would stand no nonsense, and would relentlessly have his own way about everything. We were all standing up in the carriage as the horses came prancing past, and the ladies enthusiastically waved their handkerchiefs, while we men folks raised our democratic hats. The King seemed to know that we were Americans; his dark face lit up with a smile that went far to counteract the brigandish effect of the great mustache, and he lifted his hat and made a bow to our party, all the while keeping a tight rein on his energetic horses."

ELECTRICITY FOR LION-TAMERS.

THE *London Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The latest application of electricity is an invention made in the interests of lion-tamers, which consists of an apparatus of great power, shaped like a stick, about three and a half feet in length. M. Rauspach, the inventor, is a lion-tamer himself, who has been 'a good deal worried' during a long and successful professional career. He has already experimented with it upon the denizens of the cages in his menagerie, and relates the different effects upon the brutes. Three of his lions receiving the shock immediately showed signs of the greatest terror. They were seized with trembling and growled fitfully. The tiger was more quickly subdued, became stupefied, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Brin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to affect him. He would growl and show his teeth, and was subdued after repeated discharges. The most astonishing effects, however, were perceptible in the boa-constrictor. On receiving the discharge the specimen from Cayenne, nearly twenty feet in length, became at once paralyzed, and remained motionless for six hours afterwards. When he recovered he showed signs of numbness for three whole days. Finally, the elephant on being electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip of his trunk set up a series of wild cries, and became so strange that the tamer feared the brute would break its heavy iron chain. M. Rauspach is said to intend addressing a paper upon the experiments to the Academy of Sciences. His discovery in time will be applied to human beings, and a flash of electricity will be prescribed as a certain cure for a bad temper. What would we not give to silence some people for six whole days!"

ANCIENT RUINS IN SONORA.

ANCIENT ruins have recently been discovered in Sonora, Mexico, says the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, which, if reports are true, surpass anything of the kind yet found on this continent. The ruins are said to be about four leagues south-east of Magdalena. There is one pyramid which has a base of 1,350 feet, and rises to the height of 750 feet. There is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, said to be twenty-three miles in length; the outer walls on the roadway are laid in solid masonry, huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles as uniform and the grade as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with debris and earth, and in many places the saluare and other indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain. To the east of the pyramid a short distance is a small mountain, about the same size, which rises about the same height, and, if reports are true, will prove more interesting to the archaeologist than the pyramid.

There seems to be a heavy layer of a species of gypsum about half way up the mountain, which is as white as snow and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its

shape after being cut. In this layer of stone a people of an unknown age has cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 6x10 to 16x18 feet square. These rooms are hewed out of the solid stone, and, so even and true are the walls, floors and ceilings, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are about eight feet high from floor to ceiling; the stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human forms, with hands and feet of human beings, cut in the stone in different places. But, strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms, which would indicate that they built fires in their houses. Stone implements of every description are to be found in and about the rooms. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high; but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain.

A COLLEGE OF BEGGARY.

AN effort to check begging recently made in Liverpool, England, brought to light a College of Beggary in which pupils of all ages were taught how to pursue the art in a scientific way. The proprietor was a member of the "profession" and had amassed a comfortable fortune. The school was well attended, many young children especially being sent there by their parents, who were chiefly of the criminal class. Many of the pupils' parents not being able to pay for the tuition of their children, the "professor" appropriated the clothing and money brought in by his students until he was recompensed for his services.

FUN.

A CHILD in Lockport, Pa., only five years old, has a head bigger than his body. Evidently, nature has been trying her hand on a drum-major.

THE first American inscription upon the obelisk, now standing in Central Park, New York, will be: "USE DR. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP. Price 25 cents."

"WILL you have salt on your eggs?" asked the hotel waiter of the guest. "Oh, no, thanks; they are not at all fresh." Then the waiter went out to consult the landlord to see if the hotel had been insulted.

A STRONG TESTIMONIAL.

THE following letter, from the wife of Attorney-General Fair, of Tennessee, gives a clear and emphatic report of the great benefit received from the use of COMPOUND OXYGEN:

"BLOUNTVILLE, TENN., October 16th, 1882. 'DR. STARKEY & PALEN: For seventeen years I have been a sufferer from *dyspepsia*, having contracted the disease while living in the malarial districts of Texas, each succeeding attack being more severe, and leaving me less strength to bear the next. About two years ago I was induced to use Compound Oxygen, and since that time have steadily improved without any falling back. For years I had not had two good nights' rest in succession, but since using your remedy have slept well. It is now twelve months since I have had an attack of bilious colic, and have fewer symptoms of the return of the disease than for years. You are at liberty to publish this. MRS. JOHN FAIR."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

A FARMER sent his boy to the "sugar bush" to look after the sap-buckets. Presently the boy returned. "How are they?" asked the farmer. "Well," the boy replied, "s-some are h-half f-full, s-some are f-full, an' s-some are f-runnin' over. I g-guess they'll a-average 'bout f-full."

YOUR FRIENDS WILL NEVER TELL YOU.

BUT perhaps somebody who isn't your friend will, that your presence is rendered offensive by the foul, fetid smell of your breath. Every word you utter, though it be the very echo of wisdom and poetry, disgusts your hearers, and your laugh is productive of anything but mirth to them. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself, but to society, to remove this cause of offense. DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will heal the diseased mucous membrane—will bring relief to yourself and others. Do not hesitate to employ it.

WANTED—Coachman: a deaf and dumb, lame man, not less than sixty years of age; one who has lost an eye, or is otherwise disfigured, preferred. Address, "Millionaire," New York city.

BEDBUGS, FLIES.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGSTURA BITTERS, prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

ASK FOR WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

CLEARs out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

HEART PAINS.

PALPITATION, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "WELLS' HEALTH RENEVER." 15c.

PROF. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.D., LL.D., President Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University Edinburgh, etc., speaking of the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC, says: "It has more than realized my expectations."

HORSFORD'S ACID-PHOSPHATE.

EXCELLENT RESULTS.

DR. J. L. WILLIS, Eliot, Me., says: "HORSFORD'S ACID-PHOSPHATE gives most excellent results."

Among the attractions of Mr. Albert Pulitzer's *Morning Journal* is a new and striking love-story, the opening chapters of which appeared in the issue of October 8th. It is declared by those who have perused the story in manuscript that it is one of absorbing interest, holding the fixed attention of the reader from the opening to the close. No doubt it will help to increase greatly the popularity of the enterprising and prosperous journal which gives it to the public.

MOTHERS.

If you are falling; broken, worn-out and nervous, use "WELLS' HEALTH RENEVER." 15c. Druggists.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR,

AND renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCAINUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

"THERE is nothing very brilliant about our *Ireman* dentists," said a lady to an individual who practiced the art in Berlin, "but they are obliging. If you wish a tooth extracted with gas they forthwith light the chandelier."

Young or middle aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for large treatise giving successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

CAN a musical composer be accused of petty larceny or plagiarism when he steals a march?

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

QUICK, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. 15c. Druggists.

PILES—PILES—PILES

CURED without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references to DR. CORKINS, 11 East 29th St.

"ETHEL" writes to ask if we think high heels are injurious. We think they are, Ethel, very injurious and extremely dangerous, and when they are on a bay mule with zebra legs, they may be rated as extra hazardous. Keep away from them, Ethel.

"ONE NAIL DRIVES OUT ANOTHER"

Is a French saying that finds exemplification in the way one disease will substitute itself for another and graver one in very many cases. Liver disease, for instance, will soon induce blood disorders, throat ailments, skin affections, and eventually, because of impoverished blood, consumption itself, unless, indeed, it be treated in its incipient and early progress by DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," which acts as a specific in these ailments, accomplishing a rapid cure by its powerful alternative action upon the great organs of the body.

"I'm not in politics this year, but I'll take the stump, all the same," said a tramp, going down into the gutter for a half-smoked cigar.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH-POWDER.

Smooth, Refreshing, Harmless, Elegant, Cleansing, Preservative and Fragrant. 15c. Druggists.

THIN PEOPLE.

"WELLS' HEALTH RENEVER" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. 15c.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MARY CUNIFF'S GOOD FORTUNE.

SHE TEMPTS THE FICKLE GODDESS FIVE TIMES AND IS REWARDED FOR HER PLUCK.

MARY CUNIFF, an Irish girl in the employ of Mr. Edward Hopper, No. 1,206 Spruce Street, has had an enviable piece of good fortune. From being a hard-working domestic a few days ago she has come into possession of the handsome sum of \$15,000, an amount sufficient to attract the attention of several bachelors who have suddenly discovered in Mary a degree of beauty that they had not before observed.

A *News* reporter called on Miss Cuniff this morning, but found her adverse to talking on the subject of her good fortune. She communicated to him as much of the particulars, however, as he required to know. Five months ago she received a circular of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and, captivated by its arguments, she decided on an investment. Bright as were her day-dreams, and confident as she was of success, her belief that the enterprise was conducted on strictly honest principles were not shaken when the result of the drawing was announced and it was found that she had drawn a blank. Nor was her faith in her luck shattered, for again, and three times subsequent to that, when the previous drawings brought her no prize, did she invest five dollars with M. A. Dauphin, at Washington, D. C. The last investment was made about a month ago, and she has just been notified that the ticket, one-fifth of which she holds, No. 70,468, has drawn the \$75,000 prize.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) News*, Sept. 30th.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

IDEAL



THE LEADING PARLOR STOVE.

Over 12,000 now in Use.

A Good Heater—Artistic and a Perfect Beauty.

Send for descriptive circular of the MAGEE FURNACE CO.'S

HOT-AIR FURNACES, Ranges and Stoves.

Acknowledged to be the Best in the World

JOHN Q. A. BUTLER, Gen'l Agt., 92 Beekman Street, New York. Mention this paper.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO. Homeopathic Ch. Mists, London & Land.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna, Raw meerscham & amber for sale.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.



WAITING FOR A PILOT.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

Are the Best and Most Durable Made.

33 UNION SQUARE.



This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia. It is an unfailing remedy for diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.



Bob—They're the best!
Joe—What's the best?
Bob—"The Hanan" shoe.
Joe—What are their merits?
Bob—Good material, best workmanship, honest service.
Joe—That's desirable.
Bob—Certainty of duplicate pairs.
Joe—You mean comfort forever.
Bob—Yes—can't say that of custom-made shoes!
Joe—No; and I'll wear the "Hanan" shoe hereafter.
Ask your shoe dealer for them.
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